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DER BIER GARTEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Loud played the German band!
For *bier* they madly shout,
For *pretzels* and for *another lunn*
And the waiters fly about!

Loud played the German band!
But almost quite as loud
Were the shrieks and the cries and the frantic yells
Of that very thirsty crowd.

Loud played the German band!
When a gent with a seedy hat
Walked into the Summer Garten
And on one of the benches sat.

Loud played the German band!
"Waiter," said he, "look here—
Bring me a dish of sour-kraut
And ein glass of lager bier."

Loud played the German band
Back in his seat he sank,
And slowly, like an epicure,
This gent he ate and drank.

Loud played the German band!
"Another glass," said he,
And still another until he had
In all just twenty-three.

Loud played the German band!
He rose and out he went,
For the sour-kraut and lager bier
He didn't pay a cent!

J. H. B.

TWO SONG-AND-DANCE MEN.

BY FREDERIC WADSWORTH LORING.

We were in the cars between White River Junction and Concord. In the seat beside me was a fat man of garrulous tendencies, who had made several attempts at conversation with me, all of which I had sternly repressed, being engaged at the time in looking over some old newspapers, containing my celebrated series of articles on the agricultural resources of our country as applied to the question of a protective tariff. As I laid the last paper down in my lap, the voice of my fat companion was again heard:—

"I am the man that can tell all about those men, sir; I made them what they are;" and a large hand pointed to a column of deaths, where I read:—

"At White River Junction, Jan. 12th, 1862, Thomas Knight, aged thirty-five years and four months."

Who Thomas Knight was I did not know, nor did I understand how, by any possibilities of English grammar, he could be alluded to as "those men." Accordingly, I looked interrogatively at my companion.

"You know who Tommy Knight was, don't you?" he asked.

"Let me see," said I; "was he one of the Knights of——"

"No," said the fat man, interrupting me with a degree of asperity that was entirely uncalled for, and an indifference to grammatical rules that was simply shocking; "he wa'n't one of the Knights of nowhere. He was Knight of Knight & Cottle, he was. You must have known about *them*."

"My dear sir," I replied, "to say that I did not know about them, would be to say that I had traveled through the country with my eyes shut. Why, I've seen their names on every board fence from Portland to Peoria."

"Well, sir," said the fat man again, "I made them boys what they was; and, until they give up performing, I was the one to whom they naturally turned for sympathy. They was the best song and dance men in the country; and it was to me they owed their success. Them words was Knight's, and likewise Cottle's also."

"What made them sing such ridiculous words?" I asked.

"Oh, I see," said I. "Drink."

"No, sir, you do not see," responded the fat man, warmly. "Nor was it drink. A steadier chap than Knight never stepped, unless it was Cottle, and both of 'em may be regarded as paragons. Paragons is what I should call 'em, sir, if I was allowed my choice of language."

"Out with your story," said I, "for I see there is one, and that you are dying to tell it."

"Well, it ain't much of a story, sir," said the fat man; "and, moreover, when I tells a thing, I always tells it rambling; but if you'd like to hear about 'em, sir, why, I'm ready to accommodate. It's a good many years ago, sir, since I run a show along the Mississippi river. We didn't locate in no one spot, sir, for no one spot would pay very long, and we couldn't stay more'n a month in a place without gettin' all chawed up in fights. We did the regular minstrel business, with our headquarters, for the most part, in New Orleans. Well, one day we was to Natchez. Natchez is a pretty rough place, sir—about as bad as any place on the river, and one day there I found a little shaver, about two foot high, hangin' around the stage door. What do you want here?' says I.

"'I want to join your show.'

"'What do you suppose your father and mother will say?' says I.

"'If ain't got no father nor mother to say nothing,' he answered back again, as sharp as you please.

"'What do you do for a living now?' I asks him.

"'Another variety of what you does,' says he. 'I loafs.'

Well, sir, the long and the short of it was that the little chap's manner pleased me—it was so quick, you see—and I took him along with us. This was Knight, sir—him as Plaquemine then, which is about as rough a place as there is on the river. Sir—I says to myself, 'Look here, Buster,' I says to myself—Buster not being my real name, which is Briggs, but a nickname which I often uses in conversing with myself—'look here, Buster,' I says, 'double-clog dancing is just a springing up, ain't it?' Then I answers myself affirmative, 'Of course it is,' says I. 'Then, Buster,' I says, 'if you was to pick up some other little chap like that Knight there and train him and Knight to dance together, in the course of time they might come to do something really worth calling fine art.' And I slapped my knee, and I rose up and says I, 'I'll do it.' Well, I called Tom and told him my plan, and Tom took to it wonderful, and I directed him to hunt up his own mate, so that he might be sure of getting some one congenial. Congenialness is a great thing, sir, whether in business partnerships or matrimony. So about a week after—we was in Cairo, Illinois, then, which is about the worst place on the river, sir—in come Tom with a little fellow, who was, without exception, the dirtiest and hungriest and raggedest looking little pill I ever see. And yet, sir, that chap was Cottle. So I says to Tom:—

"'Who's this?'

"'It's my mate,' says Tom, very determined like.

So, seeing his heart was bent on having Cottle, I had him cleaned up and begun to train 'em both. Well, both Tom Knight and Charley Cottle, they took to their work loving. They was born dancers, sir, both of 'em, but they never would have been what they was without the education and polish they got from me. I had 'em in training a year before I brought 'em before the public; partly to improve 'em as much as possible, and partly because they was both very young and I didn't wish to have them injured by the incensing of flattery.

Well, finally, one night I brought 'em on the stage at Vicksburg—which is as ugly a place as there is on the river, sir—and they achieved as unparalleled success. I don't think I shall ever forget the burst of applause when them two little pills stepped on the stage with their little red and white suits and begun their clog together. The house it kept a *encoring* and a *encoring* till I was forced for to go on and beg them off, and then we took up from the stage, when they was through, more than fifty dollars in various denominations of coin, two bowie knives and a lot of faro chips, sir—which was very flattering.

Well, sir, the years passed on and the boys grew up. Nothing keeps as it is, sir, but it either improves or it goes down, and them boys did not go down. It was a treat to see 'em dance, sir. They kind of glided into one another's footsteps, till it seemed as though you was seeing two copies of one man before you. Then they looked alike, too, sir. They didn't at first, but being together constant so sort of ameliorated them together. It's curious, sir, but Knight's hair, which was almost straight at first, took to curling like Charley's. Partly this may have been due to the brushing, but partly it was owing to the association. Well, as they went on, they began to do double songs mixed into their dances, which is now very common, but they was about the first ones at it, sir. You may have heard 'em in "Courting 'neath the Moon," perhaps, sir. Knight would come dancing in and sing:—

"Why am I always singing,
I'm such a happy coon
My love I'm always bringing
To court 'neath the moon.
My heart is just now swelling—

Then he'd give two or three steps to the right—

Since I expect her soon—

Then the same to the left, you see, sir—

Sweet things to her I'm telling,
When courting 'neath the moon.

Then Cottle would come in, and they'd dance the interlude together; then Cottle would have his verse; then they'd have a verse together as a duet, winding up with

And when we both are married
We'll court beneath the moon."

If you never saw it, sir, it don't sound like much, perhaps, but if you were to see 'em, with every step they took coming in click, click, in just such time, you see, and the one a finishing out the other's ideas in steps, you'd have acknowledged, sir, that it was just sublime, and that's the only word for it. Well, sir, after a time they left me, and went away through the west and east, and became acknowledged star performers. I had opened a place in New Orleans, where I did well, considering the shortness of the season and the general toughness of the place, which is about as bad as all the other places on the river put together. Well, one day I found I'd laid up about enough to retire on, and I suggested to Mrs. Briggs the propriety of going north to locate, who looked at me approving, and so we went. Well, I'd just about got settled, when some one sent me word that Knight and Cottle had separated. It made me uneasy, though I couldn't believe it at all, so I went on to New York to see 'em dance. I saw them dance, and it kind of seemed to me that they was each a trying for to beat the other, instead of going and behaving like a unit as in days gone by. Well, I went round behind to see 'em after the performance, and I says to 'em:—

"Boys," says I, "there's something wrong between you, and if you don't look out your prospects will be ruined. You're a pair of scissors together, you are, but look out not to lose your rivet, now, you mind that."

Well, they laughed and said it was all imagination; but at that identical moment, just as if it had been in a play, a woman went by and I knew what the matter was. It was the old story, as I remarked before, sir; and I was not alluding to drink, but to love, which I considers much worse.

The woman's stage name was Bertha Middleton, and all I know is that her father's name was Cooney, and a miserable old beast, late at night, you never did see. He kept sober until his daughter had finished her songs, so as to go in and lead off in the applause, and then he'd walk away to his beer when he'd seen that her *encore* was all right. He was a low pill, that's what he was, and she took after him. I dare say I was prejudiced, but then the moment I saw her I knew she was the cause of mischief to my boys; and I felt that if she should go and interfere with their artistic prospects I'd not get over it in one while. She was the vocalist at 333 Broadway, where Knight and Cottle was then engaged. Negro minstrelsy was a wavering in its hold on the public, and so managers was taking to the variety business. They had a very good company, sir, where Knight and Cottle was. There was a few good pantomimists and a small *ballet*, and this here Middleton girl, as she called herself, and three or four others, who was miscellaneous. A trapeze performer, so Bob Coggins, the manager, told me, was soon to appear.

Well, I was around that establishment a good deal. Me and Coggins was old friends and he wanted me to open there, but I says:—

"No, Bob Coggins," I says, "I have retired from the arena, and have done with them things forever."

But I hung around there to keep an eye on to Knight and Cottle's proceedings. Well, sir, that girl was as sharp as an axe, she was. She led Knight on, and she led Cottle on, as far as taking of presents from them was concerned, but her general behavior, sir, may be described as guarded. She never let neither of them come to the main question, sir, but she kept a playing with their hearts and a bleeding of their pockets, as the days rolled on.

After I'd been in New York about a fortnight, the trapeze performer arrived. He was down on the bills as "SIGNOR EKIC, the NORWEGIAN ARBOVOLANT, who will indulge in the exhilarating pastimes of his native clime, on a trapeze suspended from the DOME OF THE THEATRE!" but his real name was Hobbs, and if ever there was a low-lived little English cockney, that 'Obbs, as he called himself, with a gross ignorance of pronunciation, was one. But he was quite handsome, sir, in a flashy sort of way, when arrayed for the trapeze in salmon and blue fleshings. He was a dreadful coward, though, and if it hadn't have been for his mother, who was a very energetic woman, he wouldn't never have done nothing. I remember one morning he was a rehearsing on his trapeze. He hung from the end of a rope by his hands, desiring for to jump so as to fling himself over his trapeze, catching it with one foot, head downwards. It was a mighty risky thing to do, sir, and Hobbs he swung back and forth, holding on to his rope and looking doubtful. MRS. HOBBS, she was sitting in the parquet under him, and says she:—

"What's the matter, John 'Enry?"

"This is an ugly look-out, ma," says Hobbs, from above, "and I'm doubtful about it."

Then MRS. HOBBS rose from her seat, pretty majestic, I can tell you, sir.

"Look 'ere, John 'Enry 'Obbs!" says she, dropping her aspirates awful, "if you flings your 'eart over that there trapeze, your legs they will follow."

And Hobbs tried again and did it, sir.

Well, one Monday we was all in the Green Room, sir, says she, "and Mr. Knight or Mr. Cottle, likewise, but which I cannot say."

"What do you mean by that?" says MISS MIDDLETON.

"Well, I see you out walking on one of them's arm, last evening," says MRS. HOBBS. "Which it was I cannot tell, they looks so much alike, and it was dusky about that time; but in Hengland," says she, in her beastly cockney way, "such things mean something."

Well, I looked at Knight and I looked at Cottle to see if I could make out which it was, and Knight looked kind of pleased and ashamed, and Cottle looked so likewise. And then I saw how it was, and I slapped my knee and I says to myself, "Buster," I says to myself, "she was out a walking with both of 'em last night."

Well, about an hour after, in comes Knight and in comes Charley Cottle, both of them quite excited.

"See here, Joe," says Knight, "we think we had better take you into our confidence."

"I should say so," says I, ironical.

"Well, Joe," says Knight, "as ill luck would have it, we've both fell in love with the same girl."

"And that girl's name," says I, "is Cooney, otherwise Middleton."

"Well," says Cottle, "you always did keep your weather eye open, and that's a fact, Joe. Now, we don't want to quarrel, and so we've come to ask your advice."

"My advice," says I, "is two-fold. First, that both of you give her up, which advice I suppose you won't follow."

"Which advice," repeated Tom Knight, "we certainly shall not follow."

"Then," says I, "since one of you must give her up, let him take her whom she seems to like most."

"That's me," said Knight, and "That's me," says Cottle, almost simultaneous.

"Here," says I, "arises a difficulty."

"Well," said Knight, "you heard what MRS. HOBBS said, didn't you?"

"I did," says I.

"Well, I was the fellow that was walking with her," says Knight, quite triumphant.

"You lie!" says Cottle, first a turning red and then white.

At that Knight raised his hand for to strike him, but I caught hold of him, and, before he could say a word, Cottle broke in:—

"Forgive me," says he, "but my temper got the better of me. It's the first word that has ever passed between us, and I can never forgive myself that it came from me. But as sure as I'm alive, that girl was out walking with me last night."

"Look here, fellows," says I, "you mark my words—that girl is a going back on one of you. You'd better find out which it is to-night and so have the affair settled."

"Well, they finally agreed that this would be the best way; and so they left me. Of course I went to the theatre that night, because I was anxious about them, but things kept a happening and happening to detain me and I never got there till full ten o'clock; and, as I went in, I met Coggins coming out, and I saw at once that he was put out about something.

"What's the matter, Coggins?" said I.

"The matter is," says he, "that the devil has broken loose here to-night. There has been a elopement and a accident, and I know no more what to do than I know how to fly."

Seeing it wasn't advisable to say no more to Coggins just then, I went behind the scenes and there I saw Knight.

"Well, Joe," said he, "you told us this morning she was going back on one of us, and you was partially correct."

"How, partially?" says I. "How, partially?"

"Because, Joe," says he, "she's gone back on both; she's run off with that Hobbs!"

At first I felt like laughing, for I knew how roaring mad old MRS. Hobbs would be; but, when I looked at Tom Knight's face I saw it was a serious thing.

"That isn't the worst, Joe," says he. "You see, Charley heard of the news before I come to the theatre, and he was afraid it would be pretty rough on me. He thought more of me than of himself, Joe, when it come to the worst; and so he rushed through the carpenter's room, down the stairs there, which are very ricketty; and he stumbled over some rubbish, fell his length and broke his leg in two places."

Well, sir, you might have knocked me down with a feather when I heard that. I just sat down to take breath.

"That isn't all, Joe," says Tom. "Coggins come to me and said that he was a ruined man without no vocalist, nor trapeze performer, nor double song and dance men; and couldn't I go on alone for a single dance. I told him it wa'n't no use—I couldn't do nothing alone; but he teased and teased, and he seemed in such trouble that finally I gave in. Well, they applauded me, and I started all right; but I hadn't danced two steps before I begun to miss Charley, and I grew confused and forgot my steps; and, Joe—Joe, they hissed me off."

And Tommy Knight, sir, he just laid his head on my shoulder and he cried—cried like a infant; and, I tell you, sir, I shouldn't have minded crying, too. Well, the long and the short of it was, that Cottle he lay sick for two months with fever, brought on by the pain and excitement together; and Tommy Knight he stuck by him until they could move him up to my farm, where they come finally, and remained sometime with me and MRS. Briggs, and a more emaciated and hollow-eyed looking chap than Charley Cottle was then you never see. It made me think of the day in Cairo when Tom Knight first brought him to me and said as how he wanted him for a mate.

One day in August we was all a sitting around on the steps at my place, and Tom was a reading the evening paper, and suddenly he ejaculates out and then stops.

"What's the matter?" says Charley Cottle. He was looking better than I'd seen him for some time.

"Nothing's the matter," says Tom, appearing to be a reading of the paper very hard.

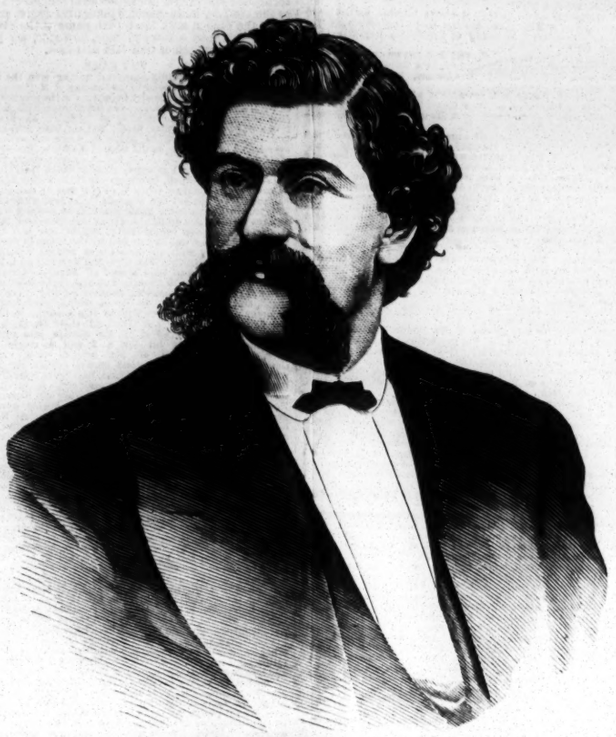
"Tom," says Charley, rising to his feet so sudden that it quite took MRS. Briggs' breath away, "it's about *her*. Don't deceive me, Tom Knight, and don't treat me like a baby, but spit it out."

"Well," says Tom, slowly, "Hobbs has fell off his trapeze and broke his neck, and she's alone and destitute, and they're going to give her a benefit in Montreal on Friday."

"Tom," says Charley, "we'll go on and dance for that benefit."

"Charley Cottle," says I, "you are crazy."

"No, I'm not, Joe, I'm in dead earnest. The more I stays here the more I gets to brooding and brooding; I must do something to rouse me."



ALEXANDER R. SAMUELIS,

Proprietor of the Largest Billiard Establishment in the Country.

"But this woman," says I, "is the cause of all your troubles, and, if you're wise, you'll keep away from her."

"Don't be afraid," says he; "there won't nothing never come between me and Tom again this side the grave. If he wants her I'll never stand in his way. But I requires something to rouse me. She's treated us badly, and now she's alone and destitute, and we can help her. Tom, I feel as though if I couldn't do something to help some one together then I should die. I feel as though the blood would come."

"Yes, I will," says Tom Knight. "It's a bad thing for you, but it may be worse if you has to stay here with this longing on you. We'll start in the evening train to-morrow."

The next day Charley seemed just as fresh and gay as ever, and I began to feel that this might be a good thing, but MRS. Briggs was very bitter against it. I didn't go on with them, but we read in the papers that they danced splendid and their success was something astonishing. We had a dispatch from Knight saying they was all right, both of 'em, in body, mind and heart—*heart* being underlined to ease the fears and forebodings of MRS. Briggs. We expected 'em home Saturday, sir, but they never come. That night another dispatch from Knight arrived, just saying:—

"Come to the Junction at once. Cottle is dangerously ill."

It seems that a reaction just took him after his excitement, sir, and then he was as wild to get back to me and MRS. Briggs as he had been to get away. He was took sick in the cars, and when they got to the Junction back here, Knight didn't dare take him no further, he was so weak. He didn't say much when he saw me, but he kind of smiled, a weary sort of smile, sir, and looked kind of satisfied like. I felt worse about Knight than about Cottle, for Cottle seemed to be all settled and quiet. Well, he lay sinking gradually for about seven days, with railroad trains a coming and a going on all four sides of the hotel; and when I wasn't a complaining, on his account, of the noise one evening, he said:—

"I like the noise, Joe," he says; "for it's like my life—acoming and going, a coming and going, and never staying. And, Tom and Joe, I wants you to promise me, if die here, as most like I shall, that you'll bury me near here, where nobody knows me, and where so many comes and goes, and never stays."

Well, Tom thought he was agrowing sort of light-headed, but he promised him, and then Charley turned over and went to sleep. He never come out of that sleep, sir; and them words was the last he spoke. The next look we took at him, he was dead, sir; and I'm free to confess, sir, that I cried like a whale; but Tom, he seemed kind of stunned.

We had him buried quietly, as he had said, and then I went home. Tom couldn't be got to leave the place. I wrote to him, and I talked to him; and MRS. Briggs, she wrote to him and she talked to him; but it wasn't no use.

"I never had nothing in the world but Charley," said he, "and, dead or alive, I shall stick to him until my time comes too."

Well, his time did come, sir, as you can see by that paper. He stopped there at the Junction, never talked to nobody, never read the newspapers, but just ate what they put before him and walked around, sort of moping. He went reg'lar to Charley Cottle's grave, but never staid there any time at all—just looking at it as if to make sure it was still there, and then coming away again. He always seemed to be waiting for something, and, as most folks over at the Junction is just waiting for trains, no one never noticed him as singular. He sort of dropped off, about four months after he lost Charley, and he was buried beside him, up there.

"I don't know," said the fat man, in conclusion, "as this is much of a story, but then it always struck me as curious how them chaps growed into each other, so to speak, and seemed like in your part to brought up old times, so that I couldn't help speaking about it. Well, sir, here we are at Concord and I must leave you. Good day, sir!"

HOW MONKEYS ARE CAUGHT.—After the many yarns that have been spun from time to time, in regard to the capture of the monkey, perhaps the following account will be received, by the most credulous, as the most probable, more especially when it is backed by the assertion that the writer "saw with his eyes" what he is narrating. Monkeys are such cunning creatures, that one would suppose them much more difficult to catch than other wild animals. Pitfalls will take a lion, and the famished monarch of the forest will, after a few days' starvation, dart into a cage, containing food, and thus be secured. But to the monkey. The ape family resemble man. Their voices are human. They love liquor and dall. In Barbour and Seamar the natives have fermented beer, of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the parts of the forest frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground calabashes of the enticing liquor. As soon as the monkey sees and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy that soon attract his comrades. Then an orgie begins, and in a short time the beasts show all degrees of intoxication. Then the natives appear. The drinkers are too far gone to mistrust them, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus, and alas for poor "sandcho." The natives tie them up and these begin immediately to weep and cover them with maudlin kisses. When a native takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support, and endeavor to go off also; another will grasp him, and soon the native leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys. When finally brought to the village, they are securely caged and gradually sober down, but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of capitivity. This method is found to be far preferable to the old plan of pelting the same animals with stones to make them pick cocoanuts and throw at their assailants.

KEAN'S INTREPIDITY.—Of Kean's early skill as a fencer one anecdote must be recorded, as marking not only his quickness of eye and dexterity of hand, but also his calmness and self command. He was one day, when quite a stripling, opposed in the Academy of Music to a black man, who was celebrated for the rapidity of his passes, and the certainty of his hits. Kean, however, invariably baffled all his attempts so evade or beat down his guard; but, on the contrary, had the mastery in several passes, which so enraged his opponent that in a sudden paroxysm of wrath he struck his foil on the ground so as to break off the bottom, determined by a sudden and desperate assault to inflict summary vengeance on his conqeror. Kean perceived the movement and at once saw his danger; but with perfect composure he awaited the attack, and disarming his assailant, caught the foil as it sprung from his hand, then presenting it to his assailant, "unbated" as it was, he bade him "keep his own secret," and turning upon his heel left the Academy. This circumstance he never mentioned till many years afterwards, when the death of his opponent, whose name he even then concealed, removed all scruples as to the disclosure of the fact itself.

"TELL ME GOOD-BY BEFORE YOU GO."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Tell you good-by before I go?
Yes I will, with all my heart,
Count over mine as the loving kiss
I take when I tell you good-by.

To touch with mine those loving lips
And to press your dear hand alone,
To pluck from its home the cherished fruit
Is happiness, I will own;
And wherever I part with you, little one,
And you give me farewell at the door,
I pray in my heart for a time to come
When I'll tell you "good-by" no more!

W. H. S.

SEVEN UP.

How it Was Demonstrated in Kentucky that this Was a Game of Science and not of Chance.

In the October *Galaxy* Mark Twain relates the following narrative:—At that time in Kentucky, (said the Hon. Mr. Knott, M. C.,) the law was very strict against what it termed "games of chance." About a dozen of the boys were detected playing "seven up," or "old sledge," for money, and the grand jury found a true bill against them. Sam Sturgis was retained to defend them when the case came up, of course. The more he studied over the matter and looked into the evidence the plainer it was that he must lose the case at last—there was no getting around that painful fact. Those boys had certainly been betting money on a game of chance. Even public sympathy was aroused in behalf of Sturgis. People said it was a pity to see him mar his successful career with a big, prominent case like this, which must go against him.

But after several restless nights an inspired idea flashed upon Sturgis, and he sprang out of bed delighted. He thought he saw his way through. The next day he whispered around a little among the clients and a few friends, and then, when the case came up in court, he acknowledged the seven up and the betting, and, as his sole defence, had the astonishing effrontery to put in the plea that old sledge was not a game of chance! There was the broadest sort of a smile all over the faces of the sophisticated audience. The judge smiled with the rest. But Sturgis maintained a countenance whose earnestness was even severe. The opposite counsel tried to ridicule him out of his position and did not succeed. The judge jested in a ponderous, judicial way about the thing, but did not move him. The matter was becoming grave. The judge lost a little of his patience and said the joke had gone far enough. Jim Sturgis said he knew of no joke in the matter; his clients could not be punished for indulging in what some people chose to consider a game of chance until it was proven a game of chance. Judge and counsel said that would be an easy matter and forthwith called deacons Job, Peters, Burke and Johnson and dominies Wirt and Miggles to testify, and they unanimously and with strong feeling put down the legal quibble of Sturgis by pronouncing that old sledge *was* a game of chance.

"What do you call it now?" said the judge.

"I call it a game of science!" retorted Sturgis, "and I'll prove it, too!"

They saw his little game.

He brought in a cloud of witnesses and produced an overwhelming mass of testimony to show that old sledge was not a game of chance, but a game of science.

Instead of being the simplest case in the world it had somehow turned out to be an exceedingly knotty one. The judge scratched his head over it a while and said there was no way of coming to a determination, because just as many men could be brought into court who could testify on one side as could be found to testify on the other. But he said he was willing to do the fair thing by all parties, and would act upon any suggestion Mr. Sturgis would make for the solution of the difficulty.

Mr. Sturgis was on his feet in a second.

"Impanel a jury of six each, Luck vs. Science—give them candles and a couple of decks of cards, send them into the jury room and just abide by the result."

There was no disputing the fairness of the proposition. Four deacons and two dominies were sworn in as the "chance" jurymen, and six inveterate old seven-up professionals were chosen to represent the "science" side of the issue. They retired to the jury room.

In about two hours Deacon Peters sent into court to borrow three dollars from a friend. (Sensation.) In about two hours more Dominie Miggles sent into court to borrow a "stake" from a friend. [Sensation.] During the next three or four hours the other dominie and the other deacons sent into the court for small loans. And still the packed audience waited, for it was a prodigious occasion in Bull's Corners, and one in which every father of a family was necessarily interested.

The rest of the story can be told briefly. About daylight the jury came in, and Deacon Job, the foreman, read the following

VERDICT.

We, the jury in the case of the commonwealth of Kentucky vs. John W heeler, *et al.*, have carefully considered the points of the case and tested the merits of the several theories advanced, and do hereby unanimously decide that the game commonly known as old sledge or seven up is eminently a game of science and not of chance, in demonstration whereof it is hereby and herein stated, iterated, reiterated, set forth and made manifest, that during the entire night the "chance" men never won a game or turned a Jack, although both feats were common and frequent to the opposition, and furthermore we call attention to the significant fact that the "chance" men are all busted and the "science" men have got the money. It is the deliberate opinion of this jury that the "chance" theory concerning seven up is a pernicious doctrine, and calculated to inflict untold suffering and pecuniary loss upon any community that takes stock in it.

"That is the way that seven up came to be set apart and particularized in the statute books of Kentucky as being a game not of chance but of science, and therefore not punishable under the law," said Mr. Knott. "That verdict is on record, and holds good to this day."

"FINTS OF LAW."—"It is necessary that I should explain to you," said a Rockland county judge, the other day, to a country jury, who had had a law case wordily put before them, "the difference in p'int of law between real estate and personal property. Now, land, trees, wheat, rye, oats, &c., are real estate. But ploughs, rakes, pitch forks, shovels, dung forks, scythes, sickles, &c., are what we call moveables in law, and are therefore personal property. Even the manure left by horses, cows, and other cattle, upon pasture lots and meadows, are moveables. Their sale as real estate would be void in law." "Do I understand you to say, jedge," asked one of the old Dutch jurors, "that a horse or cow can *eat* real estate and *void* personal property? 'cause if they kin, law is a cur'ous thing—and *'tis* a cur'ous thing, anyhow."

PRACTICAL JOKING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OSCAR BRUCE.

There seems to be a dangerous fluid in the natures of some men that must find vent in doing mischief. Once the safety valve was opened by cruel[illegible] duel or yore were continually occurring at home. Then the duelist came into the light. The pledge then for mercurial gentlemen seemed to be

"To kiss your wife, and take your life
At ten or fifteen paces."

An unhealthy and bloodthirsty motto, indeed, and as society became more settled it became defunct. Then the bloods commenced cruising; took strolls of evenings, made love to door knockers, smashed windows, and under the influence of a gallon or so of punch sometimes playfully beat the constabulary, and the like dare-devil pleasantries, which at last became so extravagantly rollicking that society and the authorities put an end to them. They then developed into the milder type of practical jokers, humorous villains, that cut your bed cords, fill your sheets full of dry bread crumbs, invest pints of water in your waterproof boots, put warm water in your tumbler at the dinner table, and so on, until with one of these gentry in your neighborhood, you never know when a mild grade torpedo will spring fire under your feet and blow you, if not into eternity, at least into a sense of foolishness and ridicule, which, we are sorry to say, is keenly relished by even those fellow sufferers about you. But sometimes even a practical joke judiciously applied can go a great ways toward punishing and even reforming faults of character and temper.

We once heard of a devilish mean Dutch grocer; in fact, one of the traditional old hunks who used to examine the cracks in the flys' feet to see if they stole any sugar. One morning Hans had received a large basket of fresh, clean eggs from the country, and a customer—Smith by name—coming in they were exposed for his inspection and admiration. "I don't want any eggs this morning," said Smith, "but I'll bet you a quarter of a dollar I can jump in that basket as it stands without breaking an egg."

"Impossible!" said Hans. "I'll take that bet." Smith accordingly rolled up his trousers and gave a tremendous jump right into the centre of the basket. A raw omelet was the result, and several dollars' worth of hen fruit was destroyed.

"I am afraid," said Smith, scratching his head quizzically, "that I have forgotten the trick. Hans, here is your twenty-five cents."

Our old friend Jones is *redivivus* again. He had been a little down in the mouth since his last failure, but since that he has fairly surpassed himself. He distributed pasteboards for a social gathering at his mansion on April 1st. It is war to the knife between Jones and everybody, and the *invitees* put their heads together and determined to have a good time in spite of Jones and his bad habit, and despite the date. Dancing, games of forfeits, kissing, Copenhagen, quiet rubbers of whist, gossip, anecdotes, music and the usual adjuncts of sociable gatherings were in demand. Midnight came and the guests felt hungry. One stout young lady of elephantine appetite fell into a cold chill as the idea struck her that there would be no supper. They had never thought of that. The dreary rumor went heavily around until it reached the ears of Jones. With an air of offended dignity he then opened the door and exclaimed:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, supper waits." No one wished to be tripped up and not a soul stirred. Jones grew pale, and were it not that a young man had got a glimpse of the dining room his spirit had broken. "Oh! there's a lovely spread," said this youth, noted for his truthfulness, and an immediate rush was the result. A sumptuous banquet met their hungry eyes—only! attempting to slice a biscuit found that it derived its chief consistency from a superior quality of cotton. The ham was wooden, likewise the fowl, likewise the cold meat. The salad was saturated with pepper sauce, the confectionery was well prepared cooper's glue, delicately colored where occasion required; the fruit was unpalatable wax, the almonds elegantly carved from cork, the freezers were filled with lumps of ice, and the decanters empty. A long howl followed the looks of blank amazement, and then the wolfish crowd instituted an immediate search for his highness, the provider. Happily for Jones he could not be found; had he been, his stomach would have been heavier with several pounds of the sea island product. Of course, every one takes Jones' eccentricities just as they take them, and although on this occasion they felt very sore, they thought better of it after breakfast in the morning. I may add also that an oyster saloon in the neighborhood did a thriving business that evening.

A favorite diversion with Jones is to get some friend talking on some topic and then walk quietly away. When he can get several to join him the effect is excellent, and generally makes the "gabbist" feel exceedingly mean.

Jones recently set a pet cat on a book-keeper, a fellow employee, who unfortunately remarked that he was going to move. It required inventive genius to extract fun from such an observation, but I was equal to the emergency. Every acquaintance the chap had would engage him in conversation and invariably conclude by asking him, "when he was going to move." Soon he smelt a mouse, but the discovery did not release him from persecution. A poor vagrant comes into the store, goes to the book-keeper, "Fourteen children to support and my wife is very sick, out of work," etc. Snooks is touched to the amount of ten cents. "When, sir," says the beggar backing out of reach, "are you going to move? "When he reached home some evenings he would find a card in his hat with the legend inscribed thereon. Letters addressed from all parts of the world (post marked New York) came to hand thus:—"Calcutta—Dear Snooks—When are you going to move? Answer per cable affectionately, Spriggins."

Now he bore all this as patiently as circumstances would allow and as long as he could; but there is an end to everything, and he was compelled at last to give out, that the first man that addressed that sentence to him again would stand in danger of personal violence. Snooks was muscular and scienced, and this threat had the effect of procuring him peace. For a month or so the matter wasn't mentioned and it had apparently died out. One day the entry clerk sang out over the whole length of the store:—"Mis-ter-Snooks, please turn to page 594 in the sales book." Snooks obeyed with alacrity, opened the book at the place designated, and there, in all the horror of large print the ghastly passage stared him in the face:—"WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?" It was too much, he hurriedly fixed his salary account, put on his hat and coat, left his keys with the firm, put out, and since that time has not been seen at the establishment.

A professor in a New England College had a penchant for raising poultry. The boys had tried time and time again to steal some of his fowls, but the feathered treasures being confined in the kitchen yard, the attempts were invariably attended with detection, and not only missed the objects of their ambition but were visited with condign punishment from headquarters. One evening, four students rooming together, whose apartment was situated directly over the poor tutor's ornithological cast, dropped a line with a baited fish hook attached, and successfully captured a large and thriving gobbler, who had inadvertently swallowed the morsel. An end was quickly put to turkey's flutterings and next day he was carefully prepared for cooking, just as soon as supper was over. That quartet laid back on that turkey and hardly ate a bite at the vesper meal. They also smuggled the bread, butter, pepper and salt to their room, determined to lay in a good square feed of poultry, which delicacy never found its way to the collegiate board. Having spitted the bird, they thrust it bodily into their stove and by turning it constantly, just above the coals, they soon had it done to a delicious brown. With sharp jack-knives in their hands they were just proceeding to discuss it when the proctor's ominous knock came at their door.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and, quick as thought, the turkey was fastened to a cord and suspended from the outside of their window. The old gentleman came in, looking very grave, and snuffed in the suspicious odor that filled the room. The boys, though, were instantly on their dignity. They had also smelt the savory fragrance, but as he could see, they had not been eating and the turkey could not be found in the room. They hinted at the defective flues; perhaps No. 14, just below them, were the aggressors. No, he had been in No. 14, and everything was right there. He made a clean search of the room and satisfied himself that the offence could not have happened in that apartment—"it was very, very extraordinary," and then departed.

They chuckled heartily when the old fellow had gone, and hastened to make up for the delay they had experienced. When the end of the line came up a ghost could not have caused greater consternation, for where the plump, well done gobbler had been attached was nothing but a mess of cleanly picked bones, with a tiny note appended. Thus it read:—"No. 14 send up their respects and beg to acknowledge that the 'burd' was excellent; if entirely convenient please let another down by the same route." Some heavy cussing immediately ensued. The story was so good that it all came out, and in the future the professor never lost any more fowls.

The sum of life, in the cases of great men, is sometimes made up of small trifles. Count Bismarck, who reputes as a grim, hard-headed diplomat, has evidently a keen sense of humor mingled in his grain, and perhaps, if his character was completely analyzed, the elements would be found full of delicacy and sensitiveness, as was that of Richelieu.

One day, during a jaunt through Italy, at the *table d'hote* two gushing damsels were carrying on a most decided criticism of those around them. To judge from their occasional uttering, their language was perhaps a little naughty, and you know the best of them will indulge in that at times. Their conversation was quite loud and could be plainly heard all about the table, but was conducted in a Russian dialect that not one in a million could understand. The count, thinking that he recognized their quarter of the globe, and knowing a simple, solitary phrase of the dialect, bawled it out to the waiter, who stared with astonishment. To the amazement of every one the two damsels immediately arose, and, with flaming faces, left the room and quitted the vicinity that evening.

A good story is told of Foote, the comedian, who was stopping at a country house recuperating for his season. Being apparently quiet and bashful in demeanor, a party at once selected him as the butt for a series of practical jokes. Foremost amongst these was a Miss Comstock, a merry, fun-loving girl, with blue eyes, yellow golden hair and a plumpness that was perfectly pigeon like, and she filled out her garments to a T.

One evening as Foote retired to his bed he puff blew out his candles amid the wails, "CONFESS held in flaw!" At the same moment there was a sound of rattling chains, and he imagined he heard a more silvery sound resembling girlish laughter. In a moment he was down on his knees, and exclaimed, in a voice shaken with terror:—"Oh, Lord, my sins are so many and grievous that they have gone from my memory, but I acknowledge that I kissed Miss Comstock in the arbor rather frequently, and ask your forgiveness." The chains ceased rattling, and something sounding very like "brute" was heard, amidst scampering of feet. After that Mr. Foote was troubled with no more phosphorescence and was let alone.

A good joke is a good thing—it hath a smack like good wine; but a practical joker is a thing without conscience or pity. We once knew a young man who, in church, sat behind a devotee whose hair was flaming red. Our hero amused himself and those around him by holding his finger over the fiery hair and then beating it on the back of his pew like a hot iron on an anvil. It gained such a circulation that he at once descended into a practical joker and was subsequently ruined. We know of another young man who was likewise saved from the dark valley of practical jokists thuswise. Attending a party one evening, he anxiously waited a chance to get off the latest conundrum concerning Satan's stational difficulties and mill building on the Mississippi. At last a chance came and he slipped into it edgeways. "Why," said he, trembling with eagerness, "don't they build mills on the Mississippi river?" A shake of ignorance went around the group. "Because," said he, with his face all aglow, "how in hell can they?" The indignation that followed this exhibition of depravity proved his redemption. Had he got that conundrum right, he would have been lost; but he misplaced it and was saved. *He never joked again!*

'DIS DEN I'LL DINK OF DOU.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1870.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets,
Box 3,960 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ Correspondents, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the Clipper, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

Utica Curiosity, Utica, N. Y.—1. The width of the stage of Booth's Theatre is 70ft. 6in.; from the curtain to back wall is 89ft. 6in.; from footlights to back wall, 60ft.; depth under stage, 31ft.; height of "fly galleries" from stage, 50ft.; height above stage, 80ft.; width of opening at proscenium, 36ft.; height of proscenium, 45ft. 3in.; width of auditorium, 74ft. 6in.; depth of auditorium, 89ft.; height of auditorium, 80ft. The seating capacity is as follows: parquet, 852; 1st circle, 441; 2d circle, 511; 3d circle, 426; private is 75ft.; depth of 24ft. 2. At Niblo's Garden the width of the stage is at proscenium, 46ft. 10in.; opposite to wall, 65ft.; width of opening, 34ft. wide and 25ft. high; width of auditorium, 38ft.; "flats," auditorium, 75ft. 6in.; outside lobby, 25ft. wide; side lobby, 9ft. wide. The seating capacity is as follows:—parquet, 818; parquet circle, 496; 2d circle, 571; 3d circle, 651; private boxes, 32; total, 2,068.

O. K., Toledo, O.—"Our Jim" reciprocates the kindly sentiments contained in your note. He says why he failed as a shootist was owing to his using one of those "twist" barrels unbeknownst to himself, which, instead of carrying straight to the mark, as was his aim, "shied round," as you will understand, in spite of his birds' near lease of life, as it were. With a straight gun, and no "twist" in the barrel, James believes he can do much better. Your very clever sketch will appear—probably in our next issue. Thanks one the same, as well as for your favors.

K. L. M., Baltimore, Md.—1. Managers would be satisfied with great merit alone in a play. 2. Not at all, if they were satisfied of its merit. 3. No star actress would object to a play because several changes of costume were demanded. 4. The drama "The Little Detective," as played by Lotta, is an alteration of "Mother's Dying Child," published in Lacy's edition, but it has been much written up.

A. B., Hastings.—"A plays a tray, B pairs, A makes a pair royal, B a double pair royal, A plays a 4 and B a 5. In cribbage, is this a sequence and what is the count?".....The last 3, 4, 5 count as a sequence. 2 is entitled to 17 points, viz.: 2 for pair, 6 for pair royal, and 9 for sequence; also one more if his 5 was last card. A's count is 6 in all, for pair royal.

C. W. Allen, Ill.—J. W. Lingard, the manager, is dead, and not William Horace Lingard. You cannot have read the Clipper very carefully, as you say, as the whole circumstances were published in full, and we have since answered the question many times in this column.

Navigator, Philadelphia, Pa.—The time we credited Hamill with making, 22:2?, is the fastest on record, over a full three mile course. As regards that given out for the two other scullers you mention, we happen to know that it was very wide of the mark. We were also present on that occasion.

H. Robinson, Boston, Mass.—At forty-fives the ace of hearts is a trump card, and not a heart; consequently, the 5 of hearts having no trumps may play a card of whatever suit he pleases; in fact, the ace of hearts in this game is the same as the left bower at euchre.

J. W. R. and D. P., Pottsville, Pa.—P. wins. Sayers and Jones fought for £200, Jan. 8th, 1857, darkness putting an end to the contest after 62 rounds had been contested in three hours. They fought again on Feb. 10th, same year, for £200 and a bet of £100 a side, Sayers winning in 55 rounds, occupying two hours.

W. T., Fort Dodge, Kansas.—The "foul strike" is distinct from the "called strike." If the batsman strikes at the first ball pitched, the strike is counted, but no "called strike" can be counted on the first ball. See answer to "Scrub Pitcher." The umpire should not count as strikes such as are made at balls out of possible reach of the bat.

N. H., Louisville, Ky.—"In a game of seven-up three persons are playing, and A and B turn up each, while C is five. A has a low card turns up Jack. C holds the ace and deuce. Who wins the game?"..... B wins. The Jack, *turned up*, counting before high, low.

Constant Reader, Bridgeport.—The Emperor of the French surrendered and the French army capitulated at Sedan; and, although the Emperor did not command the army, still, so long as he was the Emperor of France, it was his army; therefore, the man who beat that the Emperor and his army surrendered won.

Buffalo.—1. Dan Carr beat J. Brennan, in a room in this city, after fighting 6 rounds in 25 minutes, Oct. 10th, 1867. He also defeated Pat Neely, near New Orleans, in 78 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 28 minutes, December 27th, 1868. 2. Can't insert your challenge unaccompanied by a deposit.

Reilly and Hoyer.—The men having started by mutual consent, the latter heard no right to refuse payment of the pools and must hash up at once.

Buck F., Baltimore, Md.—Edwin Booth and E. L. Davenport are both excellent in "Hamlet." Public opinion differs as to which is the better. 2. It is not yet definitely settled when the parties you refer to will be in Baltimore.

Everlasting Rower.—No New Orleans clubs are in the association, consequently the rules of the National Association do not control them, and, therefore, no penalty can be inflicted for not observing the rules.

J. G. B.—The base ball season commences here in the north in April and ends on Thanksgiving day, in November. In the south the date of its commencement is different. In the extreme west it also varies from our dates.

J. R. W., Hoosick, N. Y.—1. At seven-up the other players are not permitted to look at their hands until the dealer and elder hand have decided on the "trump." 2. Can't insert your challenge unaccompanied by a deposit.

Scrub Pitcher.—Umpires should always wait until the ball has passed the home base before they call a "ball" or a "strike." If they did this there would be no such mistakes made as that of calling a ball on a ball the batsman strikes at.

J. Darcy, Buffalo.—We prefer not to insert that kind of advertisement. 2. Teachers who advertise in the Clipper can furnish you with what you need. 3. Of the lady's domestic affairs we are not acquainted.

A Constant Reader.—The three Booths played "Julius Cæsar" at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York city, on Nov. 26th, 1864, Edwin Booth playing Marcus Junius Brutus, Booth played Caius Cassius, and John Wilkes Booth played Mark Antony.

Fye Fuller, Whitaker's, N. C.—The state election in Connecticut is held on the 1st Monday in April, in Vermont on the 2d Tuesday in October, in Massachusetts on the 1st Tuesday in November, and in New Hampshire on the 2d Tuesday in March.

Maple Leaf.—1. Yes; the association is for the American continent. 2. Yes, if there be not a sufficient number of clubs in the Provinces or districts to form such associations. Send on your leagues; they will be admitted and heartily welcomed.

North Star.—1. The Metairie Jockey Club meeting commences Nov. 26th. 2. It is 48 hours' sail from New Orleans to Havana. 3. There are several lines of steamers that touch at Havana, between New Orleans and New York. Fare about $40.

F. M. C., Waltham.—1. Lord Lyons' Derby, in 1868, was the fastest, being 2m. 38s. 2. Yes; it was 20 to 1 against Hillsdale in 1856; the same against Blink Bonny in 1857; 40 to 1 against Catherine in 1863, and 60 to 1 against Hermit in 1867.

Nina, Binghamton.—London, Eng., is the largest city in the western world. There are some cities in Asia which are said to be larger, but there is no authentic information which would serve to prove this.

Inquirer, Walcottville.—This correspondent writes to know the "age and weight" of one of our celebrated opera singers, but fails to state whether or not it is her fighting weight he is after.

Phil. Green, Chicago.—If it was understood that the last card turned up should be the trump, then the dealer scores one for the luck.

Chas. F. S., Lawrenceburg, Pa.—1. Davis ran 100 yards in 9¾ seconds at Chicago, Ill., July 11, 1867, defeating Adams and Cox. 2. Cayad's record is 9¾ seconds, at Utica, June 1, 1867.

Jas. Fitzpatrick, Detroit.—The person about whom you inquire is not connected with the theatrical profession, at present in this country.

Chaco, Nebraska.—No. The rule then in vogue allowed each man on a base to take his base on called balls. It is only the player on the last base, or forced off, who takes on called balls.

C. H. B., Rockford.—1. Yes. 2. If there is a player on 1st base when a fair ball is struck, he ceases to be forced off the moment the player running to 1st is put out, whether it be by a fly or by the ball.

T. S., Jr.—In all cases of throwing a ball to a baseman to put out a base runner, if the ball be fairly held by the player before it is knocked out of his hand by the player running, the latter is out.

Gonoltmus, Boston.—"Such delay in a matter concerning themselves and their managers, which, probably, they do not wish to be made public.

Hector, Kansas City.—Certainly they can. Your nine had no right to refuse to play after the umpire considered it proper for you to continue. You forfeited the game.

W. S. F., Boston, Mass.—The time made by Judge Curtis, 1:23¾, is the fastest for an even mile in this country. Gladiateur ran 1 mile and 1 yard in 1m. 51s. and 10 seconds, in England.

Bens. G. Levy, Nevada.—1. The old Post Office building fronts on Nassau street and extends from Liberty to Cedar street. 2. Yes; Cedar street intersects Broadway.

H. Jensen.—There is no definite understanding was had, as passion must govern the play, and the winner of the first two out of three rakes in the persimmons.

Niagara.—Poole and Bets follow the decision of the judges. The loser had no right to refuse payment of the pools and must hash up at once.

L. C. Y., Erie, Pa.—We have no such list. Changes are taking place every few weeks, so that it would be almost impossible to keep a list complete and correct.

Hanaker.—If A bet, knowing the composition of the nine, he lost. If he bet on the basis of the two clubs playing their regular nines, he does not.

H. W. Genesis.—Ed. Russell won the gold medal in a club swimming contest at Irving Hall, this city, some years ago, since which time there has been no match for the championship.

C. G. F., Philadelphia.—One nine and twice round twenty-four points at cribbage, viz.: twelve by fifteens and twelve by double pair royal.

New Jack Up, Cambria, Pa.—1. His heels touched that distance from the mark, but it was "no jump." 2. No, not in Tom's best day.

Constant Reader, McPherson, Neb.—Procure McClure and Harvey's "Horse in the Stable and the Field," published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

S. H., Harrison, Va.—Nilsson is a vocalist, and Scotsch is a German actress.

Jules, Boston, Mass.—1. She will appear in your city during the season. 2. By no means.

Hoffot, Mass.—1. Pronounced with o soft. 2. Pronounced as if written *Lockyer*. 3. His real name is Stuart.

Ironbridge, Hamilton, Ont.—The race must be run over, or the man refusing to do so forfeits the stakes.

Already Decided Yachtsman.—We shall be pleased to hear from you on the subject.

Minstrels, Boston, Mass.—You can procure a license for exhibition in the City Clerk's office, and he will enroll a policeman to keep order.

Amateur, Memphis, Tenn.—Burnt cork reduced to a fine powder and mixed with water is used by minstrels to color the face.

Mary H. K., Providence.—1. Miss Olive is 20 and has been married only 1 year. 2. The other lady you refer to is of the same age.

Old Rock.—Yes; the Cambria defeated the Idler, Newport, R. I., Aug. 16th.

Pickle, Albany.—1. Arcana is the plural of arcanum. 2. The Shakespearean for pranks when racing is

Subscriber, Central City.—It depends upon the rules governing the playing of the silver ball games.

Miss L.—You cannot read the Clipper, or you would not ask such questions.

F. Hale.—If he has violated your copyright you have your remedy through the aid of the law.

H. F., Chester, Pa.—We know of no such card in a legitimate pack.

Rose, Chelsea, Mass.—2. Thanks for items. Shall be happy to hear from you again. 3. Will do.

Constant Reader.—The Stowe Sisters are engaged at the new museum shortly to be opened in Philadelphia, Pa.

Vreeland.—It is the custom to charge half price for little children, even though they do not occupy seats.

Lorlie, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Miss Virginia Howard is the leading lady of James F. Sherry's travelling dramatic company.

S. W. M., Wilmington.—We are not acquainted with the process; it is a secret of the engraver's craft.

J. W. S., Meredith, N. Y.—It is scarcely good enough for publication.

Amity, Phila.—A full list of the company was published in our issue of Sept. 24.

E. B., Toronto, Ontario, C.—2. A letter addressed in care of this office will reach him. 3. Probably not.

Jack, Philadelphia.—The movements of this troupe you will see chronicled every week in the Clipper.

Foxey's Uncle, Montrose, Pa.—We may use it when we are not so crowded with sporting matter.

A. Ridley.—John Hooper, 41 Park Row, N. Y., advertises that he had a list of the kind, you speak of.

America.—He can be elected for more than two terms provided he can get votes enough.

Inquirer.—It loses the wager; betting on a certainty does not invalidate the bet.

Butcher Boy, Wilmington, Del.—Y. T. wins the bet, as the city gave over 5,000 majority.

W. Howes, Hardville, Pa.—Address Ed. James, as per advertisement in another column.

Subscriber, Johnstown, Pa.—We will endeavor to give you correct information on the subject submitted in our next issue.

Law Student.—The advertisement, in a space of 15 lines, will cost $2.25 for each insertion.

Manhattan, Chicago.—1. Ethan Allen and mate's fastest time was 2:18. 2. Quicksilver trotted a mile in 2:31 at 3 years old.

Music Pay, Hartford, Conn.—Address those teachers whose cards you may see among our advertisements.

Don Quixote, Phila.—We do not know what salary those parties received while at Fox's.

Texan, Galveston.—Rarebottle' fastest mile time, pacing, was 2:17¼, June 21, 1855.

Subscriber.—Goldsmith Maid's height is 15¾ hands; her weight we have nothing about.

F. M., Utica.—3 and C must decide by drawing which takes the court.

Nonpareil.—C's deuce puts him out before B, who must make his two points before C makes one.

A. V. W., Montague.—We have no record of White Lilly's best trotting time.

J. B. J., Massillon.—There is no official recorded time on the European turf.

J. M. B., Atchison, Kansas.—Ethan Allen's best time was 2:25. We do not answer questions by post.

Constant Reader, Cincinnati.—No. It was Mr. Penfield himself. Carver acted as ticket taker.

John A. Brighton, Iowa.—They have played two, the Reds being twice defeated.

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Narragansett, Providence.—Lady Thorn's fastest time, 2:21¾, was made at Narragansett in October, 1869.

A. W., Cincinnati, O.—You had better write to the War Department for the desired information.

R. W. C., Boston, Pa.—We cannot advise you in the matter. You had better apply to a reputable solicitor.

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H. G., Toronto.—Will be published next week.

Al. Fresco.—We shall be pleased to look it over.

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Smith, Boston.—D loses the bet.

Amateur Base Ballist.—No.

B. B. B.—We cannot say.

"A. N. P."—Accepted.

W. C., Omaha, Neb.—Yes.

"History of the American Stage."—This work, by Col. T. Allston Brown, which has been so long in preparation, was issued from the press of Dick & Fitzgerald during the past week. It is printed on good paper, in clear type, and is illustrated with numerous portraits, engraved on wood, of prominent members of the dramatic profession. It is a collection of biographical sketches of performers belonging to every quarter of the globe, and comprises brief records of their nativity, rise, progress and many other particulars which cannot fail to make the work valuable, as a book of reference, to other than those connected with the profession. It introduces us to actors, actresses, opera singers, circus performers, minstrels, magicians; in fact, to every class embraced in the world of theatrical amusements. That a work of this character costs years of labor in its compilation, we know; and, though some errors may be detected in the great mass of names, figures, etc., submitted in this "History of the Stage," as it is called, yet, on the whole, it will be found to be more correct than any similar work that may have preceded it in this country. It serves to fill a much needed want in our libraries, both public and private, and every professional, every lover of the drama and admirer of its exponents, should possess themselves of a copy. It is neatly and strongly bound and may be procured of booksellers generally for three dollars. The publishers' announcement of this fresh addition to our biographical literature may be found in another column of this issue of the Clipper.

The Political Market.—It is rather too early as yet to fix a price for freemen's votes. At present the rates rule somewhat low, the demand not being equal to the supply. As election day approaches, however, higher prices will rule, as competition promises to be very animated. Repeaters are holding off for better terms, as their services will be in great request when the polls open, this class of our industrial population having been found extremely useful in a close canvass; it is feared, in certain quarters, that the "Chinee" man may interfere in favor of cheap labor at the polls, and thus undersell the market. Boarding houses are making preparations for a large addition to our voting community from abroad. Register, register, register!

The War.—Unless King William is heard from by way of Augusta, we shall take it for granted that the Prussians *have* met with reverses before Paris. If we credit *all* the dispatches placed before us by the daily press, we are left just where we started from, and come right out of the same little hole we went in. This fight should be stopped where it is now; there have been enough rounds fought to decide the questions that both sides contend for, and their backers can draw off their principals without disgrace to either. As the respectable dailies say when two pugnacious pugilists are about to have a friendly jamboree, "Where are the police?"

Having heard some one say that "time and the tide wait for no man," "Our Jim" blurted out that "he didn't know about time, but he thought *The tied* would *have* to wait for some man to undo them."

Going a Fishing.—There are said to be quite a number of ladies and gentlemen fishing at Lake George and other favorite localities. There ought to be a good many fishing *smacks* there, too.

The Big Bell, that tolled the knell of many an unregistered voter last year, has given place to a brass band; but the notes of the musical leader are not so convincing as the notes of the political leader.

So?—Charleston, West Virginia, is now the capitol of the state, some think only temporarily; but as it is no longer *Wheeling* it must be *permanent*.

"Our Jim," having read of an immense pig raised in Warren county, Ohio, remarked that "such things is great boars." The boy's spelling is sometimes peculiar.

It is allowed, as a remarkable fact, that the best way to get rid of borrowing friends is to "let 'm a loan."

The best ground for the settlement of a quarrel is, without doubt, a level piece of turf.

Quite a number of the human race went to Jerome Park last Saturday to see the equine race.

As cold weather is not *fur off*, ladies will soon be privileged to put *fur on*.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. E. JAMES.

We are gratified to state that a number of the personal friends of Mr. James have, with a view to securing for him that substantial aid which he needs and which past efforts have failed to secure, organized themselves into a committee, whose object, and the plan adopted for accomplishing it, is fully set forth in the card which appears underneath. We sincerely trust that there may be a liberal response to this call from all sections of the country, for the object is a most deserving one. Read the card:—

Mr. James, who for a number of years was connected with the press of this city, as an editor, publisher, sporting writer and contributor to several journals, as it is probably well known by many, is now, and has been for some months past, totally blind, which, unless, is likely to be so for the rest of his life, all that science and medical skill could do in his behalf having been done, and all to no avail. He has expended all his means in trying to obtain relief, and has consulted most of the leading physicians and oculists in this country, and after they had all failed to benefit or stay his disease, he, by dint of economy, and aided by some friends who loaned him money, undertook a journey to Europe, and there placed himself under the treatment of the principal professors and oculists in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Paris and Berlin. In fact, so long as there was a hope, he was indefatigable in his exertions to try and prevent the final catastrophe of total blindness, and as a proof of this, we may state that he has been treated by the two of the most prominent medical men in the world. He also exhibited the same perseverance in the prosecution of his calling before his case became so dangerous as to render the position of the City Chamberlain, as a billiard room. He had it fitted up in elegant style and opened with fifteen tables, the dimensions of the saloon being 75 feet front by 100 feet deep. The enterprise proved a much more decided success than even the undertaker had anticipated, and so popular did it become as a resort for those residing in that city who are devotees of this harmless and scientific indoor pastime, that Mr. S. found it necessary to add to the establishment in order to accommodate his patrons. He accordingly secured the large hall overhead, in dimensions the same as that then occupied by him, which he transformed into another handsomely appointed billiard room, fitting with twenty first class tables, making a total of thirty-five, all from the celebrated factory of Phelan & Collender. Besides these large halls, immediately connected therewith are a number of smaller rooms, in which are placed single tables for the use of such persons as may desire to enjoy a quiet game, free from public intrusion. In addition to the billiard rooms, there are likewise reading, refreshment, bar, cloak, toilet and bath rooms, all of which are furnished in not only a comfortable but really handsome manner, nothing being overlooked which is calculated to add to the convenience of visitors, who, whether transient or regular, receive the best attention at the hands of Mr. Samuels and his employees, who, notwithstanding the size of the concern, number less than twenty, systematic management rendering that number amply sufficient. There is likewise a pin-pool room, and two bars, and the interior is well lighted by four hundred and fifty gas burners. Over the entrance is placed a prismatic light in the shape of a ball, emblematic of the purposes to which the place is devoted, the huge sphere, measuring four feet in diameter, being elevated upon a crystal pedestal and surmounted by a crown. When we state that in the construction of this sphere 95 feet of prisms were used, and that it is lighted by seventy-five gas jets, the brilliancy of the illumination may be imagined. Its cost is stated to have been $1,200. Every legitimate feature of the game of billiards can be enjoyed here, but betting is strictly prohibited, and this rule is rigidly enforced by the proprietor and his assistants. The tables, balls, cues and everything connected with the establishment are kept in good order continually and this is doubtless one reason why Mr. Samuels' success in such a mammoth undertaking has been so marked. The expenses are about $100 per day, and it is estimated that from eight hundred to one thousand persons visit the rooms daily. Mr. S. is deserving of this good fortune, not only because of his genuiality and consideration for the wants of his patrons, but because of his efforts to further the interests of billiards, the lovers of which are assuredly deeply indebted to him for his untiring exertions in this direction. As instances thereof we allude to the tournament projected by him last spring, for which he contributed, personally, prizes valued at over $1,000, and to that held at these rooms during the summer for the amateur championship of Long Island, together with the numerous matinees at which experts above, twist and knock about the spheres artistically.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Burrows, Silas R.—A New York citizen, and widely known to the public as "the great American traveler," began forty years ago a settlement belonging to him—the Arkansite—made a voyage to the South Seas, and on her return brought to New York the first cannibals ever seen in this country. While on one voyage he was shipwrecked upon an island, and upon the drawing of lots he remained three days, shaking himself from the cold with the skins of birds. When rescued he was in a deplorable condition, and on his looking in a mirror some days later he discovered that his hair had turned completely white. Some time he resided in China engaged in business—Mystic, Conn., Oct. 12th, aged 78.

Brown, Mrs. Sally.—She has been the mother of twenty-two children, twelve of whom are now living. Her last husband died about forty-five years ago, and was the first person buried in the cemetery at North Jay, which is now nearly full—North Jay, Mass., Oct. 1st, aged 108.

Bradley, Capt. Robert L.—Of the New Orleans Custom House—died from the effects of a stab received at the hands of an unknown man, on Oct. 8th, in that city—New Orleans, La., Oct. 10th.

Braithwaite, John.—The civil engineer. From the earliest formation of railways he has been engaged in their construction, both in England and on the continent—England, recently, aged 72.

Burritt, John D.—Who served under Gen. Jackson at New Orleans—Pine Bluff, Ark., this month, aged 104.

Bateson, C. H.—An extensive merchant of Savannah, Ga.—Died of *phthisis pulmonalis*, in New York city, Oct. 19th, aged 44.

Lachine, Portland.—A won, as no fouls or accidents occurred.

Constant Reader.—That question is out of our line altogether.

J. Reright.—"The Romance of a Minstrel" will shortly appear.

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M. L. Philadelphia.—Will look it over.

Smith, Boston.—D loses the bet.

Amateur Base Ballist.—No.

B. B. B.—We cannot say.

"A. N. P."—Accepted.

W. C., Omaha, Neb.—Yes.

Burnham, Miss Ella—Actress—Died at Cincinnati, Oct. 19th, aged 23.

Cleaver, Edward—Actor—Died at Liverpool, Eng., Sept. 29th, aged 70.

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John A. Brighton, Iowa.—They have played two, the Reds being twice defeated.

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Narragansett, Providence.—Lady Thorn's fastest time, 2:21¼, was made at Narragansett in October, 1869.

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were obliged to make a very wide circuit in order to turn their barge. The Hudsons came up to the stake-boat in fine style, and turned as if on a pivot, almost grazing it. The consequence was when the two boats were squared away for the home-stretch pull they were again nearly bow and bow, the Oneidas having, by their turn alone, thrown away all the advantage they had so handsomely gained in the mile and a half past to the turning stake. Soon after turning the Hudsons began to draw away from the Oneidas, and foot by foot, notwithstanding the game and determined struggling of the latter they continued to leave them, and finally crossed the score the winners of a finely contested race in 21:58. The Oneidas followed in 22:28. Both the Oneidas and the Hudsons exhibited excellent oarsmanship, and at the conclusion of the truly exciting contest the usual cheers were exchanged between the crews, and after getting their boats on board the Seymour, the competitors fraternized in the manner becoming the young men who form our amateur rowing clubs—young men who can always test each other's muscle and endurance in the ennobling pastime of oarsmanship, without engendering any feelings other than those naturally arising from manly rivalry and honorable effort. Judges for the Oneida Club, Messrs. W. C. Mainland and George Roahr. For the Hudson Club, Doctor Russel Withers, and John O. O'Neill. Referee and starter, Charles A. Peverelly.

REGATTA IN MAINE.—A regatta took place at Brunswick, Me., on the 19th inst., embracing four races. The first was for six oared boats, three miles, between the West End and Emerald Clubs, both of Portland. At starting a collision occurred, in which the West End lost an outrigger, and the Emeralds had an oar broken. The judges decided they should pull again, which the Emeralds declined, and the West Ends pulled over the course, a distance of three miles in 19 minutes 20 seconds, winning the first prize and the colors of the state championship. In the wherry race there were four entries; F. E. Whitney won the first prize in 8:22; John Boynton the second in 9:19. In the single scull race there were five entries; Shaw, of Bath, came first, in 17:43; Stevens, of Bath, second, in 17:45; Perkins, of Portland, third, in 18:28. In the double scull race, Howe Stevens, stroke, came first, in 14:26; Whenper E. Hinnes, stroke, second, in 16:1. The thick fog made it impossible to see much of the rowing.

MURPHY VS. TEN EYCK.—The Newburgh sculler, Ed. Murphy, sends us the following in reply to the proposition made by James Ten Eyck. Read it:—

NEWBURGH, Oct. 15, 1870.

FRANK QUEST.—DEAR SIR.—In answer to the challenge of James Ten Eyck to row me a three mile race in shell boats on the Hudson river for five hundred dollars, allow me to say that I have no rich friend, like him, to give me a shell boat to row in, but I have friends who are willing to back me for five hundred dollars to row against him in the same boats that we rowed our previous race in. I will toss up with him for the place of rowing, whether at Peekskill or Newburgh, or I will row him half-way between the two places on Thanksgiving Day, or about the 25th of November, and will meet him any day he may name at the CLIPPER office to suit himself and put up a forfeit. Respectfully yours, EDWARD MURPHY.

DERBY AND BLAKE MATCHED.—The winner of the recent single scull race for the championship of the Gulick Club, Ed. Blake, having been challenged immediately afterwards by R. B. Deely, who was beaten in that contest, a match was arranged between them on the 15th inst., to row 3 miles in 17 ft. working boats, on the new course of the N. A. R. A., off Pleasant Valley, on Nov. 3d, for a prize valued at $500.

GEORGE FRION, of Halifax, N. S., sends us a communication under date of Oct. 3d, embodying a challenge to row any man in New England, bar Walter Brown, a six mile race in Whitehall working boats, for $500 or $1,000 a side, the race to take place either at Halifax or Springfield, Mass. He says he'll be prepared to meet any acceptor of the challenge at the Parker House, Boston, during the current week, to draw up articles and post money.

JOHN MERKEL says that he will agree to land fifteen seconds ahead of T. C. Butler in a race of three miles on the Charles River course, for $250 a side, the race to take place on the 21st of Oct., under the same stakeholder and referee as were connected with the previous race between the two.

THE YACHT MAGIC has, it is stated, been sold to Lester Wallack for $16,500.

THE RING.

TOM ALLEN AND JIM GALLAGHER.

Everything appertaining to the match between Tom Allen and James C. Gallagher, the champion staking $1,000 against $500, goes on as well as the most devoted lover of ring sports could desire, and appearances indicate that the meeting between them will be quite interesting, though, of course, Allen, owing to his greater experience and known fighting qualities, is a decided favorite, the odds being about 3 to 1 upon him, with a scarcity of acceptors even at that figure. The fourth instalment of the stake money was posted at the appointed time at Hennessey's Exchange, Allen being present in person, while Tom Keiley, Gallagher's mentor, represented the latter. This leaves but one more deposit, which must be forthcoming at Allen's hostelrie on the evening of the 24th inst., making the total of $1,500, the possession of which will be contested for on the 1st Nov., within fifty miles of the Mound City—at the old trysting spot, we presume. We were misinformed by a correspondent relative to Gallagher's training quarters, he having located himself at the Fairfield House, adjacent to the fair grounds, instead of Rinkie's, as previously stated. Allen is quartered at the Eight Mile House, on the St. Charles Rock Road, and is attended in his training by Jack Madden. He had been taking light exercise regularly for several weeks prior to entering upon a strict course of training on the 10th inst. Both are reported to be in first rate fix already. A fast steamer is chartered to convey the lambs to scene of excursion is promised.

FIGHT IN SCOTLAND.—On the morning of Sept. 19th a fistic meeting took place in Scotland between Jem Buchanan and W. Cairns for a "purse" a side. It was duly arranged that the fight should take place at the Bield of Corstorphine Hill, and the belligerents and a number of friends started about 4 A. M. in that direction. The authorities, however, seemed to have got scent of the affair and a ban was placed upon any such operations in that quarter. A move was next made towards the woods of Dreghorn Castle, but here, too, the party was anticipated, and, after a consultation on both sides, a field adjoining Craigmillar Castle was selected. The party arrived on the scene of action shortly after 10 o'clock, having on this occasion eluded the observation of the police. Little time was lost in adjustment of preliminaries, seconds and a referee having been previously selected. Buchanan is a strongly-built fellow, 5ft 7¼in in height, 11st 6lb, and 26 years of age. Cairns is about the same age, 1¼in shorter in stature and 10lb lighter in weight. The early rounds were pretty evenly contested, the countering and straight hitting on both sides being very severe. In the fifth round both came up well marked and determined for business. Buchanan delivered a heavy blow in the stomach which completely staggered Cairns, and in the sixth round another blow from Buchanan opened an old scar on the left cheek of Cairns, from which the blood flowed freely. First blood for Buchanan. The battle then proceeded from this stage to the sixteenth round, which was a very severe one, both going down side by side at the close. From the fifteenth to the twenty-fifth and last round both became somewhat exhausted and slower than before. In the last round Cairns got Buchanan tightly round the neck and held him for a few seconds when cries of "foul" were raised. Cairns released his hold, and, dropping his hands, left himself open, when Buchanan delivered a heavy hit on the left eye and counter calls of "foul" came from the friends of Cairns. The referee, on being appealed to, hurriedly gave it in favor of Cairns, but after re-considering the matter on the return of the party to town, decided that it was a drawn battle. Each then drew his stake. It is said that both are anxious to renew the contest on the same terms (catch weight), for a larger sum. There was not much science displayed on either side, but both showed a great amount of determination, combined with a disregard of punishment. The fight lasted 4dmin. Both the competitors have been apprehended and held to bail.

DEATH OF WM. RENWICK.—On the morning of Sept. 29th Wm. Renwick, who, for many years, has been prominently associated in nearly every description of sport carried on in the north of England, died at Windaton, the place of his birth, aged 56 years, after a brief illness. The deceased will, perhaps, be better known in connection with his pugilistic encounters with James Molyneux (the black), whom he fought twice. The first fight was at Cambo, for £50, and Renwick was defeated; but not feeling satisfied, another match, for £100 a side, was arranged. This took place during the summer of 1838, at Chap Fell, Westmoreland (the celebrated ground where Jack Rook fought Tom Kelly and Allen), and attracted considerable attention. Renwick, although ably seconded by the famous Bendigo, after a desperate fight again, had to succumb to the superior prowess of his opponent. These were the only prize battles the deceased ever took part in, but he was always fond of the sport, and few pugilistic encounters passed over in the district without his presence. He was a man 5ft. 10in. high, well developed, and when trained would weigh about 12st. The deceased was also a capital quoit player.

TOMMY CHANDLER AND BILLY DWYER are still at daggers' points, and there appeared a prospect that the old grudge would have been settled recently—or, rather, that the preliminary steps toward such settlement would have been properly taken. A forfeit was posted on behalf of either, as has been the case before, to fight for $5,000 a side, but when the time came to sign articles and increase the amount deposited, those who had promised to find the "stuff" for Billy failed to show up and the match fell through, Chandler's backer allowing the forfeit to be drawn.

WM. HUSSEY will arrive at Providence by steamer on the morning of Thursday, 20th inst., and desires Tim to meet him on the wharf.

BILLY SHERIDAN AND GEO. FOSTER gave a sparring exhibition at Ullman's Opera House, Williamsport, Pa., on the 10th inst., which was well attended.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Johnny Aaron, John W. Cozad, Johnny Wild and Joe Turner.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIP.—NO MATCH MADE.—From the apparent earnestness of Bob Way in challenging Ned Searles to jump him for the championship and a large-sized stake, through a recent issue of the CLIPPER, the public as well as ourselves were led to believe that another match would assuredly be made between them, but such has not been the case, and the fault lies entirely at the door of Way, who has failed to back up his challenge. In our last issue we mentioned that the latter had neglected to show up at the time he himself had fixed in his dgt to meet Searles at this office, though Ned was on deck, ready to make the match. It was also stated that an agreement had been made between them to meet here on Tuesday, 11th inst., between 1 and 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of drawing up articles. About the hour of one, or a few minutes before it, Way dropped in, but didn't wait, leaving word that he would be back in the course of an hour and a half. Shortly afterward Searles and his backer called, Ned waiting at our office until past three o'clock, when, convinced that Way did not intend making a match at all, he took his departure, requesting us before going to say that he would hold himself in readiness to make a match with Way at any time, to jump one single standing jump, spirit level, spring shoes barred, at either Binghamton or Utica, for not less than $1,000 a side. A couple of hours later Way returned and upon being informed of what Searles had said, went away, promising to "put up" in support of his challenge on the following morning, since which time we have not heard from him or any one in his behalf, which seems to prove that he did not mean business when he sent forth his challenge. This style of doing business reflects very discreditably upon Way, and is not calculated to improve his reputation in the sporting world. He being the challenging party, it is his business to post a forfeit, and as soon as he does so Searles will cover it. We have received a letter from Alfred Locke, of Sing Sing, in which he says Way was notified that Searles was ready to put up $400 on the 11th, $100 more on the 14th inst., and the balance on the day of jumping, and that Bob agreed to be on hand and do likewise. He concludes by declaring his readiness to match Searles again: Way, to jump one single standing jump, eight trials, spirit level, for from $1,000 to $2,000 a side, anywhere within two hundred miles of Sing Sing, except Middletown. If this is not accepted by Bob, any man in the States can get on a match upon the same terms. These conditions are certainly fair, and if the backers of Way think he can defeat the champion, they ought to exhibit their confidence by closing with the offer. If Way can do as well as he informed us he did recently, he oughn't to have any fears about making a match.

CRANDELL'S MONEY COVERED BY HARRIS.—The letter which we present below came to hand on the 17th inst., accompanied by fifty dollars in paper, to cover the money left by Hon. Crandell, showing that the backers of the "Cleveland Boy" are in earnest in their expressed readiness to make a match with the fleet-footed member from the Wolverine state. There has already been a deal of paper and ink wasted in boasting around the bush by the opposing parties, and we trust this will have the effect of bringing about an agreement.—

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 15th, 1870.

FRANK QUEST.—DEAR SIR.—I see by last week's CLIPPER that Mr. Crandell does not say anything about allowing expenses to run at any of the places that he named, viz.:—Detroit to Rochester, Albany to run in, Ohio, and Utica, in New York state, which I do not think reasonable, as I proposed allowing him $30 to run here or in Philadelphia, Newark or Harrisburg. Now to business: If Mr. Crandell will come to run, Harris shall run him 75 yards, go and return, for two thousand dollars a side, according to Crandell's challenge, and run in Utica, providing Crandell allows $30 for expenses, which I think every fair minded man will say is nothing more than reasonable. I have now, $40 for Harris to run Crandell, according to his challenge, and run in Utica on Tuesday, Nov. 15th, providing Crandell allows the $30 expenses. By sending on articles to me I will sign and forward them to the CLIPPER office. Address

PHIL. MILLER, Tacony, near Philadelphia, Pa.

BASE BALL.

ATLANTIC vs. ATHLETIC.

Taking our advice, the managers of these strong professional clubs have made up their differences, and on Monday, Oct. 17th, they played the first of a regular series of matches together on the Capitoline grounds, the second of which is to be played in Philadelphia, Oct. 19th. As a matter of reference we give below the scores of the games lost this season by each of the above clubs, and also the scores of their victories over the clubs which defeated them:—

1.	Atlantic	3	Athletic 19
2.	Atlantic	3	Red Stockings 24
3.	Atlantic	4	White Stockings 12
4.	Atlantic	4	Mutual 10
5.	Atlantic	6	Olympic 9
6.	Atlantic	6	Washington 3
7.	Atlantic	9	Mutual 7
8.	Atlantic	10	Union* 26
9.	Atlantic	10	Haymakers* 13
10.	Atlantic	15	Athletic* 23
11.	Atlantic	13	Forest City, of Cleveland 15
12.	Atlantic	14	Haymakers* 31
13.	Atlantic	16	Forest City, of Rockford 17
14.	Atlantic	24	Star 1
15.	Atlantic	33	Haymakers* 39
	Total	156	Total 355

The Atlantics have defeated the above clubs this season as follows:—

1.	Atlantic	8	Red Stockings 7
2.	Atlantic	30	White Stockings 20
3.	Atlantic	15	Mutual 13
4.	Atlantic	9	Olympic 8
5.	Atlantic	36	Union* 25
6.	Atlantic	24	Union* 21
7.	Atlantic	23	Haymakers* 18
8.	Atlantic	10	Forest City, of Cleveland 7
9.	Atlantic	14	Forest City, of Rockford 15
10.	Atlantic	6	Star 1
	Total	197	Total 135

1.	Athletic	6	Union 7
2.	Athletic	8	Mutual 21
3.	Athletic	10	Forest City, Rockford 15
4.	Athletic	10	Haymakers 11
5.	Athletic	10	Mutual 11
6.	Athletic	11	Olympic, Washington 14
7.	Athletic	11	White Stockings 12
8.	Athletic	32	Red Stockings 37
	Total	91	Total 132

The Athletics have defeated the above clubs this season as follows:—

1.	Athletic	51	Union 20
2.	Athletic	41	Haymakers 6
3.	Athletic	51	Union 11
4.	Athletic	53	Olympic, Washington 4
5.	Athletic	39	Olympic, Washington 5
6.	Athletic	25	Olympic, Washington* 15
7.	Athletic	34	Mutual 15
8.	Athletic	18	White Stockings 11
9.	Athletic	17	White Stockings 13
10.	Athletic	16	Forest City, of Rockford 10
11.	Athletic	13	Mutual 7
12.	Athletic	11	Red Stockings 7
13.	Athletic	11	Haymakers 2
	Total	316	Total 135

The games marked with stars were "practice" games.

The Athletics arrived at 1 P. M. on the 17th, and the game began at the hour appointed. The attendance was large, as a good game was anticipated.

THE GAME.

There was considerable delay occasioned by the difficulty in selecting an umpire, but finally John Goldie was agreed upon, and at 3.10 P. M. the game began, with the Athletics at the bat. A dead ball was used, and Reach tried to hit it for a base but instead he sent it into Start's hands and retired. Dick McBride now took a turn at it and hit a beauty along the line of third base. This was the inaugural of a series of base hits on which four runs were secured and earned. After the other side tired before any more could be hit for a whitewash, the two the Atlantics gassy out. Reach, however, gave Start a life and afterwards some good hitting by Chapman, Ferguson and Zettlein, and sharp base running by Ferguson, three runs were scored—Pratt and McBride muffing a little.

In the 2d innings the Athletics would have been whitewashed but for a muff and a wild throw of Pike's and the Atlantics were accordingly scored a run. It was a fine fine catch from Pearce's bat. The Athletics were similarly disposed of on their third innings, Ferguson and Smith making fine catches. By Pratt's good play and Berry's catch the Brooklyn party again drew blanks. In the 4th innings the Athletics added 2 to their score and Atlantics one. This was two more than the Atlantics earned, McBride's pitching seeming to bother them considerably. The 5th innings saw the Athletics retire in one, two, three order, Hall making a fine catch and Pike a good stop. The Atlantics followed suit, however, and therefore the totals were left at 8 to 3 in favor of the Philadelphians. The game thus far had been played in a spirited manner, no excitement attending it except at the betting exchange, the play being from fair to middling only.

The sixth innings saw the Athletics whitewashed again, McDonald making a good catch. On the other side Start opened with a long hit and which Sensy captured in handsome style with one hand, by a side catch on the run, after which three bases were earned, but by Hall's failure to hit the ball, Malone had a chance given him for a double play on three strikes, Fergy, after touching the home base, passing the ball, not caught on the third strike, to Pratt at 3d, thereby putting out Chapman—forced off at home—and Ferguson running to third. This forced off at home—and Ferguson running to third. This was the fifth blank drawn by the Atlantics. The seventh innings added nothing to either side, Ferguson making pretty catches, and Radcliffe a fine play.

In the eighth innings muffs by Pike and Chapman gave the two first Athletic strikers lives, and before the side was put out both came in. Smith and Ferguson made good plays in their positions. By the good batting of McDonald and Start one run was scored by the Atlantics. This left the totals at 10 to 4 in favor of the Athletics at the close of the eighth innings.

In the ninth innings the Athletics scored and earned another run, and by some wild throwing the Atlantics added 3 to their score, the final result being another victory for the Athletics. The umpiring was excellent, Mr. Goldie showing strict impartiality and good judgment. The score:—

ATLANTIC.	O.	R.	P.O.	A.	ATLANTIC.	O.	R.	P.O.	A.
Reach, 2d b	3	2	3	3	Pierce, s s	0	0	0	3
McBride, p	3	2	0	2	Smith, 3d b	0	0	4	1
Malone, c	3	0	7	1	Start, 1st b	1	1	9	0
Pratt, 1st b	1	1	12	1	Chapman, l f	1	1	2	0
Sensenderfer, c f	2	2	3	0	Ferguson, c	1	2	6	0
Berry, r f	0	1	3	0	Zettlein, p	1	0	0	1
Radcliffe, s s	0	0	1	3	Hall, c f	1	0	1	0
Bechtel, l f	1	0	1	0	Pike, 2d b	1	0	1	2
Pratt, 3d b	0	0	1	3	McDonald, r f	1	1	3	0
Totals	11	13	27	13	Totals	7	13	27	6

INNINGS.—Runs Scored.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	4	2	0	1	0	0	0	2	1—11
Atlantic	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3—7
Runs Earned.									
Athletic	4	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1—6
Atlantic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

First base by errors—Athletic, 7; Atlantic, 1. Umpire—Mr. John Goldie, of the Union B. B. Club. Time of game—One hour and forty minutes.

ATLANTIC vs. HAYMAKERS.

On Oct. 11th the Atlantics played an exhibition game, the contestants including eight Atlantics and one Mutual player in one nine and the Haymakers's nine in the other. We append the result:—

ATLANTIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	HAYMAKERS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Pearce, c	1	1	1	1	Flowers, s s	0	0	1	4
Smith, 3d b	1	2	1	0	York, c	1	2	7	0
Start, 1st b	0	0	7	0	Fisher, 1st b	0	0	11	0
Chapman, l f	1	1	4	0	Craver, 2d b	1	1	3	0
Ferguson, s s	3	1	1	2	Jackman, c f	0	1	1	0
Martin, p	3	3	4	0	Hoover, 3d b	1	1	1	2
Hall, c f	3	3	4	0	Worth, l f	0	1	2	0
Pike, 2d b	1	2	1	2	Packer, 1st b	0	0	9	0
McDonald, r f	1	1	2	0	Negley, c	0	0	1	0
Totals	13	14	27	5	Totals	5	6	37	14

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Haymakers	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Atlantic	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0—4

Umpire—Mr. C. Mills, of the Mutual club. Runs earned—Haymakers, 4; Atlantics, 3. Time of game—One hour and forty-five minutes.

This was a fine game; Martin's pitching, supported by the Atlantics, with Pearce to catch, completely bothered the Haymakers.

MUTUAL vs. HARVARD.

These two mutually prominent clubs of Gotham and the "Hub," respectively, played a match on the Union Grounds, Boston, on the 15th inst., which resulted in the Harvards' defeat by totals of 24 to 13 in eight innings, the 9th not having been played because of the New Yorkers having to take the 5.30 P. M. train for home. We append the score:—

MUTUAL.	1s.	O.	A.	HARVARD.	1s.	O.	A.
Hatfield, s s	3	3	3	Kuehn, c	3	4	1
Eggler, c f	3	2	1	Wells, c f	3	4	1
Patterson, l f	3	3	1	Perrin, 1st b	3	5	1
Nelson, r f	4	3	1	Rush, c	3	2	0
E. Mills, 1st b	3	4	1	Anson, s s	3	2	1
Martin, p	3	3	2	Goodwin, p	1	3	1
O. Mills, c	3	4	1	Tyler, l f	1	1	1
Higham, 2d b	1	1	2	White, 2d b	3	2	1
Swandell, 3d b	1	1	2	Reynolds, 3d b	1	1	2
Totals	30	24	18	Totals	16	27	13

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	4	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1—24
Harvard	3	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	0—13

Umpire—M. Rogers, Star B. B. C.

ATHLETIC vs. STAR.

On Oct. 15th the Brooklyn Athletics played their first game this season with the Stars, and, though the latter had neither Cummings, Manly or Mort. Rogers in their nine, they managed to defeat the full nine of the Athletics, as will be seen by the appended score:—

ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	STAR.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Wiggins, c f	2	1	0	0	Rogers, p	1	1	1	2
Procter, 2d b	0	0	1	2	Hicks, c	0	0	10	0
Noonan, l f	0	0	1	0	Dollard, s s	0	0	1	3
Booth, 3d b	0	0	0	0	Cyrus, 1st b	0	0	9	0
Bond, s s	0	0	1	2	Jackson, c f	0	0	1	0
Bennett, 1st b	0	0	13	1	Hoover, 2d b	0	0	1	1
Price, c	0	0	1	0	Worth, l f	0	0	0	0
Richardson, r f	0	0	1	0	Packer, 1st b	0	0	0	0
Ireland, r f	1	0	1	0	Reap, r f	0	0	0	0
Totals	3	1	27	5	Totals	1	1	27	6

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	0—3
Star	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1

Runs Earned—Athletic, 2; Star, 1. Umpire—Mr. Pike, of the Athletic Club. Time of game—1 hour and 5 minutes.

This was the shortest regular game on record.

THE GRAND MATCH AT CHICAGO.

THE LAKE CITY NINE CAPTURE THE PORKOPOLIS INVINCIBLES.

The pride of the Cincinnatians in the invincibility of their celebrated base ball nine received a blow on Thursday night, Oct. 13th, the effects of which they will not get over this season, for on the night in question the ARIZONA multitude gathered at the telegraph offices in Cincinnati received news of the feat of the Chicago White Stockings had defeated the Cincinnati Red Stockings in the return match by a score of 16 to 13, thus being the first club nine to win two games from the Red Stocking nine since they were defeated in 1868 by the Athletics and Atlantics. Owing to the crowded state of our columns we are obliged to refer at once, without further preface, to the details of this fine game published in the Cincinnati Commercial. The crowd at Dexter Park was the greatest gathering known to be present at a match in the annals of base ball games.

THE GAME.

The Reds won the toss, and supplied a dead ball. At 2.40 the game opened with the White Stockings at the bat.

First Inning.—McAtee earned the home plate, but Anderson, after pitching two balls, found that his right foot shifted about in a sort of quick sand, so a delay of ten minutes occurred, during which the pitcher's square was made sound with turf. McAtee went out at first by Gould to Wright's home. Kleg went to first on a safe liner over third. Cuthbert hit to Waterman, who fielded Wood out at second, Cuthbert getting his base and taking second on a wild pitch. Flynn sent up a lazy fly, just behind Waterman, which Gould failed to get hold of, second base, Flynn going first. Treacy popped up an easy foul fly, but it dropped through Brainard's hands, he seeming to be confused by Waterman and Allison running to support him. Treacy then sent a pretty grounder to centre, bringing Cuthbert home. Kleg hit to Waterman, who ran to his base, fanning out Flynn, a bad beginning for Cincinnati. Two wretched muffs, losing a run..... George Wright and Gould fielded out at first by to Bald. Waterman earned his first by a liner to left field, Gould failing to find the ball, second base. He was left at second by Allison's fly to left field. No run.

2. Treacy out at first by Waterman, and King ditto by Geo. Wright. Brainard's fly to centre field was a second ball, where he was left by Sweasy's weak bounder to second, which was sent in in ample time to first. No run.

3. Fary short. Duffy's fly captured by Geo. Wright. McAtee out by Waterman to third. Gould's fast liner to centre field. No run.....McVey's foul tip was taken on an easy fly by the catcher. George Wright knocked a beauty over the centre fielder's head, a second base hit. Gould's fly was taken at second. Waterman got to third on a splendid hit beyond the left fielder, bringing home Leonard, who ran for George Wright. Fred was deemed to remain at third, for Allison was retired at first by a throw from third. One run. Game's tie.

4. Cuthbert out at first by Waterman's throw. Flynn's fly was taken by Sweasy. Treacy reached first on a clean drive to left. King's fly was caught by McVey running up. No run.....Another very quick bit of work. Harry Wright's little fly was taken by first baseman Leonard's fly by the right fielder. Brainard out on first by a throw from second. No run.

4. Meyerle's drive stopped by Brainard, who tossed the ball over the runner's head to first in time. Pinkham to second on a hit to left by Fred. The latter, however, was forced out at second on a fine throw from Allison at the second very close. Duffy out at first by Waterman's throw to first. The ball was launched back to Waterman, but a moment too late to catch Pinkham, who reached third only to be left there by Meyerle's foul between fielders. No run.....Waterman made a tremendous high fly to left field—a catch which was much applauded. McVey went out on another little fly tip to catcher, an exact repetition of his first misfortune. George Wright sent a pretty hot grounder to third, but was out at first by assistive work. No run.

6. The game had been spinning along rapidly, and the Chicagoans failed again to change its pace. Wood took first on a grounder to left field, but the next three strikers went out—Cuthbert on a high fly to Leonard, Flynn on a first by Sweasy, and Treacy at first by a very low brilliant throw of George Wright's. No run, and five whitewashes in succession.....The Reds now accomplished some work that seemed to satisfy everybody that they would win. Gould to first on grounder to centre. Waterman to first on another clean hit to centre. Gould to second. Allison to first on safe fly to centre. When Harry Wright went to the bat the bases were filled, and the audience trembled. Harry took to right field, but Pinkham's fly to second was accepted. Meyerle to centre, bringing in two men in, sending Allison to third, and taking first for himself, and next getting second by passed ball. Leonard out at first by short stop. Allison ran home here, but would have been retired at the home plate if the catcher had held the ball. Harry took third while all this was progressing. Brainard to first on safe fly to centre, which let Harry in. Sweasy out on a fly to right field. McVey to first on an easy fly, muffed by third, Brainard going to second. George Wright hit a fly to right field, but Brainard was ordered to run on. It proved a foul, dropping just outside the line. Brainard was nearly home, but tried to save himself by running back to second. The ball beat him there. Four runs, 5 to 1 in favor of the Cincinnatis.

7. Things looked squally for Chicago, but this innings improved the situation slightly. King to second on a fly to left, which Andy muffed, but was given to Meyerle's hit, which was partially stopped by Brainard, and Sweasy finished Meyerle by dispatching the carom to first. Pinkham's foul fly was taken by Brainard. Duffy to second on safe fly to left centre and to third on a bungling return of the ball, Waterman stopping it, but having the base uncovered. McAtee's low fly taken handsomely by Leonard on the run and leaving Duffy shipwrecked at third. One run.....Sweasy to first by Bald's muff of short stop's throw. McVey hit a weak grounder to second, who touched out Sweasy and fielded out McVey at first. A good solid double play. George Wright to first on bat hit to second. Gould out at first by the indomitable captain of the foe at second base. No run. Score 5 to 3 in favor of the Cincinnati.

8. The Chicagoans had not yet earned a solitary run, but from this henceforward their batting was simply terrific. They made fourteen runs in the last two innings, a performance that none other of the Red's antagonists have yet succeeded in. Price 35 cents. How this smashing thing was done. Wood to first on called balls; Cuthbert sent a splendid liner over Leonard's head, taking second and bringing Wood home. Flynn brought Cuthbert home by one of those tantalizing hair fouls to left and took second. Treacy hit to Waterman and should have gone out at first, but Fred threw far over Gould's head, so Treacy got to second and Flynn to third. King also hit to Waterman, and this time Fred's throw went at least five feet above the utmost point Gould could jump up to reach it. This second dreadfully wild throw let Flynn and Treacy home. King reaching second. At this point the White Knights were cheered amid wild demonstrations of joy among the spectators. Myerle took second on another ear drum of fair foul to left, King home, of course. At this juncture, Chicago having made six runs with no outs, Harry Wright went in to pitch, Brainard going to right field and McVey to centre. Pinkham to first, Sweasy liner to Brainard, on which Meyerle got home. Allison was Duffy two lives by missing two easy fouls, but Duffy got first at first by a good throw at last from Waterman. McAtee's liner safe on the fly by George Wright. Duffy caught Pinkham at second before he could regain that base; a pretty double play. Six runs..... Third baseman failed to handle Waterman's grounder in his alone, so Gould took first. Leonard sent a beauty to centre and took first. Sad to relate, the unfortunate Waterman thought he could take third on the hit and his enterprise came to grief, just two steps distant from the goal. Harry Wright to first on a hot one to short stop, Allison to third. Leonard to first on drive to right field, bringing Allison in and sending Harry to third. Sweasy brought his friend Andy home and took first on hit to second, which he stole. Brainard flied out to centre, retiring the side. The excitement, of course, was intense. Harry Wright consulted his comrades as to whether he should pitch or not in this innings. They were unanimous in saying "Aid Ann pitch." So Harry went to centre field, and Mc Allen is said occupied their regular positions. Duffy's bounder to George Wright dashed over his head and Duffy took first. McAtee went out at first by Sweasy, but by a bit of superb base running Duffy meantime got to third. Gould sent him home on a clean first on to right. Cuthbert again made a tremendous hit over Leonard's head. Wood home and Cuthbert to second. Flynn to first on drive to right, bringing in Cuthbert. Treacy sent up an easy one near the line, which Allison made a most dismal muff, letting Treacy to first and Flynn to second. King sent a safe liner to right, bringing Flynn home and sending Treacy to third. At this point Harry again came in to pitch, the crowd tumultuously cheering the situation. Meyerle made a second base hit to left, on which Treacy trotted in, and then Harry made an unusual high wild pitch, on which King got home and Meyerle to third. Pinkham out on fly to Sweasy. Duffy made a handsome second base hit to left, on which Meyerle walked in. Duffy to third on bad passed ball by catcher, on which King got home and Meyerle to third. Pinkham out on fly to Sweasy. Duffy made a handsome second base hit to left, on which Meyerle walked in. Duffy to third on bad batting. Allison to first on a ball fumbled by Waterman and Gould to George Wright. Duffy home; Wood out on foul to Gould. Wood's policy evidently was to act so that the game could not be called on account of the darkness. Eight runs..... The prospect was gloomy, but the Reds were not shaken. George Wright made an easy fly to centre. Gould to first on a drive to left. Waterman out on a fly to centre, George Wright's representative getting home on return of ball. Allison to first on liner to left, Gould taking second and then easily stealing third. Harry Wright to first on base on balls, Gould had thrice men on bases to befriend. He hit to second, forcing Harry Wright to run. Harry stumbled and fell, Wood touching him out and spiking an ugly gash in Harry's right hand in trying to get Andy out at first, which failed. While this was transpiring Gould got home, Leonard stole second, Brainard's liner to left gave him first, brought Allison in and let Andy to third—a passed ball gave Andy home and Brainard second. Sweasy struck out to centre for two outs and Brainard tallied. Sweasy reached third on a passed ball, where he was left for McVey's indifferent hit, which went to third and thence to first in ample time. Five runs. Score 16 to 13 in favor of the White Stockings.

The multitude cheered furiously and closed over the grounds to congratulate the victors. In this game the Reds made an unusual number of muffs and overthrows. Waterman muffed an easy fly, made two overthrows and had muffs in base running, but an unusual amount of hard work fell to his share, and he played his utmost. Allison missed three easy flies and Brainard one. He also made an error in running on a foul. McVey was useless at the bat, not being able to get a sharp hit from Pinkham. Leonard dropped a fly that he would not often miss. The Reds, however, played lively and are not discouraged in the least. The White Stockings in the last two innings batted strongly, carefully and beautifully. It begins to look as if they were destined, for a time to defy all comers. It has taken two years to dethrone the Reds, and they do not lack the mettle to fight their way back to the throne. Leonard ran bases for George Wright, and Pinkham for Allison. Harry Wright's pitching is much truer than formerly, and, though deceptive, is not hard on the catcher. Harry Wright's pitching was again a success. The score:—

CINCINNATI.	O.	R.	B.	T.B.	CHICAGO.	O.	R.	B.	T.B.
Geo. Wright, s s	2	2	2	2	McAtee, 1st b	0	0	0	0
Gould, 1st b	3	3	3	3	Wood, 2d b	1	3

THE LEGEND OF HAMLET THE DANE.

In Denmark, a country resembling the Dutch,
There lived a young Prince, whose behavior was such
They thought he was crazy. He grew very fat,
And loafed about mumbling of this thing and that.
He did'situation most sorely perplex'd.
This second-hand daddy was much 'gainst his grain,
And cross as the dence was Hamlet the Dane.

Two bold private watchmen did secretly come
Unto this young Prince, to cap for their rum.
They swore that the ghost of his dad did they meet,
And that he prowl'd round every night in the street.
Then Hamlet stood drinks, and did mournfully speak:—
"Perhaps the old buffer comes out on the streak;
To-night I'll lay low for the rooster—'tis plain
Big can't bluff this chicken—I'm Hamlet the Dane."

At midnight the Prince on a corner did stand,
When up came the spectre with meerschaum in hand;
A lofty tin skillet surmounted his head;
An odor of brimstone announced he was dead.
He whiffed at his pipe, and he tipp'd a drole wink,
As much as to say, "Can't you ask us to drink?"
But Hamlet got back till his spine was in pain,
For frightfully scared was bold Hamlet the Dane.

"Oh, angels and parsons of grace!" he did shout,
"Defend us! Old sucker, pray what brings you out?"
The ghost made no answer, but look'd very queer,
And then pass'd along with the Prince in his rear.
Soon Hamlet grew weary, and solemnly swore
That he would be blow'd if he'd follow him more.
The ghost, in a tone that was slightly insane,
Said these words, in substance, to Hamlet the Dane:—

"Now, mark me—your mother has married a man,
And that for a widder is not a bad plan;
That man was my brother—'twas devilish hard
To poison my ear as I snoozed in the yard."
"My uncle! prophetic soul!" Hamlet sings out—
"Not the sign of three balls, where we shove up the spout,
But t'other one—he is the chap, it is plain,
Who made a half orphan of Hamlet the Dane."

"Cork up!" cried the Ghost—"I must go very soon;
My custom it was, on a fine afternoon,
To fill up my hide with good whiskey, you see,
And then take a slumber right under a tree.
Your uncle one day with a jug did appear;
He poured just two quarts of benzine in my ear.
I croaked on the spot, for intense was the pain—
He married the mother of Hamlet the Dane.

"I have an appointment," the Ghost did declare,
"With old Pontius Pilate in Beelzebub square;
Besides, I smell morning—the air makes me cough.
Remember me, sonny; good-bye, I am off!"
He hopped on a horse car and glided away—
Then Hamlet resolved he would get up a play
Which would represent that vile murder so plain
As to crush the bad uncle of Hamlet the Dane.

He sent for some actors of mighty ability
In playing such parts as belong to "utility."
Polonius sobered them off in a trice,
And Hamlet next gave them much useful advice.
The tickets were sold, but King Claudius and "frow"
To pass in as "dead-heads" the Prince did allow.
The crime was enacted all over again—
"The King did the deed!" shouted Hamlet the Dane.

The Prince grew more *loony* than ever before—
Had "spats" with Ophelia that wounded her sore
Stabb'd ancient Polonius—laid him out flat,
Behind a big curtain, and swore 'twas a rat;
Went into a grave yard, and finding it dull
Grew quite sentimental about an old skull,
Of which funny Yorick was once very vain—
A crony was he of young Hamlet the Dane.

Ophelia gets drowned—'twas a very small loss;
She always was whining and constantly cross.
Her Pa then picked a fuss with Laertes one day,
And got up a grand scientific display,
With cudgels, before the old King and the Queen,
The greatest ring battle that ever was seen.
The chief bottle holder was George Francis Train—
He bet forty dollars on Hamlet the Dane.

The club of Laertes was poison'd, we think,
While Croton oil also was put in the drink.
They sparr'd at each other, and savagely poked—
The end of the match was that both of them croak'd.
The Queen drank the pizen and guzzled no more;
The King got dead drunk and fell flat on the floor.
The people look on and their tears fall like rain,
In pity and sorrow for Hamlet the Dane.

The curtain falls down and then Hamlet gets up;
He goes to a bar-room and takes a small sup—
He drinks with Laertes—the Ghost staggers in—
For all these play-actors are right on their gin.
Ophelia goes home with her big waterfall;
The King on the Queen makes a sociable call;
No time now for spouting—they're not "in the vein,"
And don't care a snap for poor Hamlet the Dane.

HIGH PRESSURE SKETCH.

(In the Popular Style).

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "THE MODEST QUENCHER."

TRIUMPHANT.

"Think very much before thou repliest, Elise de Burgon! I have worn the end of my tongue endeavoring to persuade thee; and now, by—by—Jingo! I command thee, as thy paternal father, to marry this nobleman whom I have chosen, or—out of this house walk thou on thy ear! Don't suppose for a moment that I shall allow you to marmeeds. Not at yours, a poor, miserable being, who does me, and you shall experience retributive justice, or who hasn't.

It was the Baron Smeggle de Burgon who spoke all this. He was angry. He was as stern as Rhadamanthus, and we all know how stern he was. His teeth were livid with passion. His voice flashed and his eye rang. Indeed, so angry was he that his fierce blood mounted to his very temples, and he must have been very angry indeed, for blood mounted to his very temples.

"Bethink yourself, Elise de B., I wait for a reply; bethink yourself seriously."

And Elise put her hand to the side of her nose in an attitude of thought, and "bethought" herself seriously. She then walked up and down the room, while he walked up and down the while—she didn't appear very much annoyed. With her hands stuck carelessly in her pockets, and her dress tucked into the tops of her boots, she looked very *nonchalant*, which means "kinder easy."

After "bethinking" herself seriously for a while, she confronted her pa with a menacing mien. He was excited, but kept quiet. He held his hat in one hand, his cane in the other, and with the other he held his peace. She began to blaze her eyes at him. All her rich Castilian blood suffused her cheeks and nose, (I may here remark to the ladies that this Castilian blood is caused—as its name shows—by a liberal use of Castile soap.) "Mr. Father," said she, "it is extremely difficult to give the hand where the heart can never be. As the poet truly and poetically says:—

"I have but one sweet, single love,
That love I ne'er can smother.
To that love I'll be firm and true,
And ne'er will wed anybody else be he who he may."

"Consequently, father, I will disobey thee. The buffer whom you have chosen, I detest. I will marry my only love!" At this pa covered his face with his hands. She covered her face with passionate sobs. (Queer things to cover the face with.)

Unused to such exhibitions of woman's rights, the baron, standing there beside his daughter, was also beside himself with rage. He simply hissed, "Elise de Burgon, git!" She walked to the second story window, deliberately and gaily stepped out into the street, and "got." In the street, all alone, she began to cry, and sang "Driven from Home," in A major. Suddenly a familiar hand punched her on the back, and then pulled her little nose in a playfully familiar manner.

"Ma! Mademoiselle, what's the matter?"

Elise turned and beheld her dear old music master, the Maestro Pufki. She explained the facts of the case. He was seen to feel bad.

"Poor little innocent, come home with me and I will give you shelter for the nonce."

She, being very glad to find shelter for the nonce, accepted his invitation. She had no scruples about accepting his hospitality, as the Maestro was about ninety-seven years old and married.

"Ah! Mademoiselle," said he, showing his silvery hair, which he had allowed to grow grey on purpose to make him look venerable, "I have but a modest home, but you are welcome to it. My wife will attend to you and we will make you comfortable."

"Ah Pufki, old boy," said Elise, trying to squeeze a few tears, "you're a perfect brick, you are indeed."

That night Elise de Burgon, who was once rich enough to sleep in four large beds at once, had she a mind, reposed in slumber in the little cot in Pufki's spare bed room.

Next morning she was aroused from her frugal bed, by hearing Pufki practicing Donizetti's trombone fantasia on the Shoo Fly symphonic concerto, in five big flats, which he was to play at the opera. She took a bath in the wash basin, saying, "Oh, what shall I do for a living. I know not; I do not know, neither do I know." She went into the front room, and—a brilliant idea striking her—said to Pufki, "Ah! I have it. I'll be an operatic singer, and gain fame and fortune!" For you see she had been reading in the weekly papers about girls who had been in the same fix as she was, and who had made a "hit" on the stage. "Don't you think my voice is truly magnificent?"

"Well, mademoiselle, on the operatic stage I've heard worse—not much. However, we'll see what practice will do."

After this, she practiced twenty-five hours every day, putting back the clock one hour every day, to make up the extra hour. How she succeeded the sequel will show.

* * * * * * *

It was the middle of the gay season in Paris. The opera house was crammed. Expectation was on tiptoe, which was as high as it could get. A new light was about to burst forth in the musical world. Vague rumors of the horrible sweetness of her voice had excited everybody. When the curtain rose a pin could be heard drop—if anybody dropped one. It is always just as still as this on such occasions. Soon there appeared a vision of transcendent beauty, nothing less than a "transcendent" will do. She begun. At the first note the house swayed, at the second all were bathed in tears, at the third men fainted, at the fourth no one could move, and so on. When the last note had died away the air rang again with plaudits, the bell rang again with vigor and she reappeared, and received a perfect shower of bouquets, camelias, gold dollars, lace handkerchiefs, watches, &c.

I must here digress. I am sorry I'm unable to give a more original description of the scene. In fact, all such scenes are invariably described the same way, and 'twere madness to change. For instance, "vague rumors" before her appearance; "expectation on tip-toe" before rise of curtain; "hushed in expectation" on her appearance; powerful effects on audience as her "tremulous, yet grandly superb," tones are first belched forth; a general state of deliciousness when last notes "reverberated in a thrilling cadence;" "enthusiastic plaudits" at conclusion; "unanimous *encore*," "floral tributes," "*furore*," excitement and a dence of a time generally. Wouldn't it be a good idea, in writing of these amateur *prima donnas*, to make them fail once in a while, for a change? But, to return to our Elise. As we say, she made a perfect success. But was she happy? No. Why not? Why, because in all that "sea of up-turned faces" she saw one which glared awfully at her. (There's always some ugly-looking villain who bothers these *prima donnas* in the hour of their success.) This face belonged to her father. His eyes were riveted to his daughter's eyes, and *vice versa*—meaning and her'n to his'n. She saw him get up and sling a bouquet at her. A little note fell out. In her dressing-room she read:—"Elise, I've found you. At the stage door, as you go out, you will be arrested for disobedience and be consigned to the Bastile for life. Yours very truly, Your Father." Can you wonder that she was rather nervous when she came out again to sing. A bad prospect for her, truly. (But we must save her. But how? Ah, yes! we'll have another bouquet and a note). While singing she sees another face—the joyful face of her lover. He slings the bouquet, of course. Again a little note. This is what she reads:—"Dearest one, I know your father's villainous plans. He will be foiled. I have bribed the policemen who were to arrest you. They will not be there. Your father will be attacked on his way home by a band of trusty murderers, and will be stabbed to the heart eight times. Cheer up, we will be happy yet." Gratitude and joy filled her innocent heart and she sang with renewed sweetness.

* * * * * * *

The opera is over, audience all gone, lights turned out. Watch the hooded figure who jumps into the carriage with the young man at the stage-door entrance. You know them. They are just now in the eloping business. * * Now for tragedy. Mark that band of men astabbing of old de Burgon. Each one stabs him eight times. His countenance expresses great surprise. At the forty-sixth stab he says "Enough," and dies. Woman's rights and innocence triumphant.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

AT what season did Adam leave Paradise? In the fall, to be sure.

WHY are umbrellas like good Catholics? Because they keep *lent* so well.

WHY is his highness the nawab of Bengal like a pauper? Because he's an Indi-gent.

WHY should a wood cutter never by hungry? Because he can always have a chop by axing.

WHY is a man's trade mark like a certain leading Prussian statesman? Because it is a "biz"—mark.

WHY is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't go a step farther.

BREVITIES.

A. T. KETTLE is the only singer who never has a cold.

A MUSICAL BONE—The trom-bone.

LIVING WITHIN HIMSELF—An oyster.

ANTS THAT THRIVE IN ALL SEASONS—The clairvoyants.

THE GORDIAN NOT—A rejection.

ALL MISERS DIE OF THE SAME DISEASE—Money-mania.

A GOOD SIDE SHOW—A pretty cheek.

CONVIVIAL STATUARY—Animated busts.

THE SHADES OF NIGHT—Window curtains.

BAWL DRESSES—Baby clothes.

IS A WOMAN of fifty, offering to vote, a legal-*tender*.

A FLEETING SHOW—A yacht race.

A COIN FROM NATURE'S MINT—Penny-royal.

THE MOST IMPETUOUS PEOPLE IN THE WORLD—The Rushons.

CAN the current of man's being be considered the fruit of life?

UNPROFITABLE INDUSTRY—Spinning yarns at the street corners.

"WHAT ails your eye, Joe?" "I told a man he lied," replied Joe.

STAGE CARPENTERS—Actors who saw the air, and bore the audiences.

THE ADVANTAGE of being a chimney sweep is that his calling "soots" him.

BARBERS AND CARPENTERS ARE OF THE SAME TRADE—They are both shavers.

IT DOESN'T FOLLOW that because a man is in the post office, that he is a man of letters.

WE hope to grow old, and yet we fear old age; that is, we are willing to live, and afraid to die.

THERE is no folly equal to that of throwing away friendship in a world where friendship is so rare.

MAY not the man who cools his hot punch with his breath be said to be "blowing his own horn?"

WHEN men fall they love company; but when they rise, they love to stand alone and see others prostrate.

WHEN one man has a little prejudice against another, suspicion is very busy in coining resemblances.

SOME of the fair sex have hearts as brittle as glass. He that would leave an impression must use diamonds.

AT DOCTOR MARY WALKER'S lecture in Leavenworth, a man asked if she was the Mary that had the little lamb.

IT is suggested that women will not make good states. men. "The question of the age" will always trouble them.

A FEMALE PREACHER married a couple lately in Iowa. At the end of the ceremony the minister kissed the groom.

THE man who gives his children a habit of industry provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

ALLUDING to chignons, Mrs. Cleaver said "A girl, now, seems all head." "Yes, till you talk to her," replied Mr. Cleaver.

A CELEBRATED wit was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied he, "Hook and eye are old associates."

A YOUNG lady who has been practising "Let Me Kiss Him for His Mother," says the more she tries it the better she likes it.

"JAKE, lend me $10 till I sell my dog." Jake replied condolingly and sympathetically:—"Oh, Jim, I wouldn't directing people to "lick their own stamps, or else the letters won't go."

COMMENTATORS are folks that too often write on books as men with diamonds write on glass, obscuring light with scratches.

THE DROWNED is a monotonous story.

ed game of cards in Texas. The first holds the cards, the second a revolver, and the coroner the inquest.

AN IMPUDENT FELLOW says:—"Show me all the dresses a woman has worn in the course of her life, and I will write her biography from them."

DURING an examination, a medical student was asked the question "When does mortification ensue?" and replied, "When you pop the question and are answered 'No.'"

MERRY MOMENTS.

EXTREMES MEET.—An Irish gardener seeing a boy stealing some fruit, swore, if he caught him there again, he'd lock him up in the ice-house and warm his jacket.

MRS. STANTON lately missed a railroad train and says she went back to the hotel "in a good frame of mind to say damn it." Why didn't she do it? Ill humors should always be driven out.

LUNAR BEAUX.—Said an astronomer to a bright-eyed girl while talking of rainbows, "Did you ever see a lunar bow?" "I have seen beaux by moonlight, if that's what you mean," was the sly rejoinder.

LET CYNICS say what they will, man is not vindictive. Here, for years, we have been subjected to the daily torture of wearing the hat, and we havn't even preserved the name of the wretch who invented it.

YES, BUT NO.—A woman applied to a magistrate for a summons against a neighbor. "She called me a thief, your worship. Can't I make her prove it?" "No doubt you could," said the magistrate, "but I think you had better not."

A NEW LENS.—Puget succeeded in adjusting the eye of a flea so that, by the use of the microscope, he was enabled to see objects through it. It multiplied and diminished every object. Thus a soldier appeared like an army of pig mies.

A NEW landed Irishman, seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. He was answered, "A man going to be buried." "Oh!" replied he, "I'll stop and see him, for we carry them to be buried in the ould country."

A HOPELESS CASE.—A lady who was desperately addicted to play was confessing herself. The priest, among other arguments to dissuade her from gambling, said she "ought to consider the loss of time." "Ah, father," she said "that is always what vexes me; so much time is lost in shuffling."

A LEGAL OPINION.—"Talking of law," says Pompey, "makes me tink of de mortal Cato, who lib most a thousand years ago. 'Law is like a groun glass winder, that gives light enough for inspecting poor mortals in the dark passage of life, but it would puzzle de debble himself to see trou it.'"

THIS is the poet way in which a Westfield, Mass., character explained how he got ill-matched with a shrew:—

The children of Israel wanted bread
And the Lord sent them manna;
Capt. George Ace Noble wanted a wife
And the devil sent him Hannah.

ALL THE SAME, ONLY DIFFERENT.—An English sculptor, being ordered to engrave on a tombstone the following words:—"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband," finding the stone too narrow to get the inscription in one line, he engraved on it:—"A virtuous woman is &s. to her husband."

THE following satirical stanza is said to have been copied from the tombstone of a husband and wife.

Within this grave do lie
Back to back, my wife and I.
When the last trump the air shall fill,
If she gets up, I'll just lie still.

NEW SUITS.—One day when the great Erskine was as usual on his way to Westminster Hall, with his large black bag crammed full of briefs, he was accosted by a sew boy, who asked him if he was a dealer in old clo'. "No, you Hebrew imp," returned the counsellor, "these are all new suits."

THE MEDICINE MUST BE OF USE.—Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, once pressed the Duke to take a medicine, and with her usual warmth said:—"I'll be hanged if it do not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth, who was present, exclaimed:—"Do take it then, my lord duke, for it must be of service any way."

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.—AN American, making the tour of Ireland, stepped into a school of some forty children in the Black Valley, and, in the midst of his talk with the children, asked them what they expected to do when they became men and women, and with one inspiration they responded, "Go to America."

A GOOD OLD LADY, who improved every opportunity to teach by precept and example, once remarked at a prayer meeting:—"My friends, as I came along I saw a cow, a cow a-switching of her tail—in this wicked world of strife she was peaceful and contented, a switching of her tail—and I said to myself:—'Go thou and do likewise.'"

SMART REPLY.—A young lieutenant, residing in lodgings, the sitting room of which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable military friends, who, on taking leave, said, alluding to the smallness of the apartment:—"Well, Charles, and how much longer do you mean to continue in this *nutshell*?" To which he wittily replied:—"Until I become a *kernel*?"

THE Chinese fashions have not altered for fifteen hundred years. Woman must have small feet or they cannot get a husband. Large feet are looked upon as curious spectacles, and such a sight is sure to attract a crowd. Children when they first see foreign women look at them with astonishment—their small waists being regarded with especial wonder.

THE DEJECTED DOCTOR.

It chanced that in a healthy year
(Which found provisions very dear
And physic very cheap)
A doctor, more oppressed with want
On business turning out so scant
Was one day seen to weep.

A neighbor asked him why so sad,
And hoped no dangerous illness had
To any friend befell.
"Oh, Lord, you quite mistake the case!"
Quoth Bolster. "Sir, this rueful face
Is—'cause my friends are well."

FAST TIME.—Col. D., who was a passenger on the Central Branch of the Pacific Railroad a short time since, was disturbed in his nap by the whistling and tooting of the engine to drive cattle off the track. Suffering the annoyance some time, and the whistle blowing again, he rubbed his eyes and exclaimed:—"The devilish train has caught up to the cattle again."

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A SONG OF THE WIND.

She went across the autumn woods,
The netted branches through;
And the rotted leaves clung to her feet,
And to her hair the dew.
"O wind!" she cried, "for the spring's sake,
And the love beyond the sea,
O south wind! O tender wind!
O, blow him back to me."

She went across the winter fields,
The salt tears rising fast,
With her folded robe about her head,
Against the bitter blast.
"O north wind! O winter wind!
Because the sun has gone,
O, tell him thou art keen and cold,
And I am all alone."

The wind came over the fair fields,
And the wind came through the woods,
And strange feet crossed the pale spring grass,
And strange eyes saw the buds.
"O love!" he cried, "who called to me,
And I was slow to come;
The wall of the wind is in my heart,
But death is in my home."

SEDUCTION AND DEATH.

One of the most flagrant cases of forced seduction and afterwards conspiracy, which led to bloody revenge, has been the recent cause of the greatest excitement in the public mind at Cleveland, O., the particulars of which we quote from the *Leader* of the 11th inst. "The facts so far elicited make known the existence of a rape or seduction, followed by a sudden tragedy, and here the curtain falls. The thousand acts of the drama which closed with the extinction of the life of Dr. William H. Jones, a prominent physician of that city, by shooting on the morning of the 8th inst., the incarceration of Dr. Galentine as the murderer of Jones for the alleged seduction of his wife, and the branding of Mrs. Galentine as an adultress, have been as effectually concealed as if silenced by death. The facts which bridge over the gaps in the various scenes of the drama are wanting. Nothing but the most meagre details are known. Yesterday a reporter of the *Leader* spent a good portion of the day in visiting the father and brother and wife of Dr. Galentine, and talking with them on the subject of the late tragedy. The recitals made by Dr. Galentine's father and brother were similar in many respects. The father stated that a week ago last Sunday his son learned, through his wife, that Jones had attempted to seduce her. The attempt was said to have been made during the husband's absence in Boston, during the earlier part of last August. Mrs. Galentine had her husband's business to attend to, and one evening asked Dr. Jones to advise her on a question of some business importance. The gentleman answered her that he would willingly assist her with his advice at any time, but he had then a patient to visit and would see her on his return. He returned, went off to see another patient, and at midnight came back to his office again and then knocked at Mrs. Galentine's door. She heard the first rap slightly, but waited to assure herself that some one was really knocking at her door. Soon the rap was heard again, when she arose from her bed and going to the door asked, "Who is there?" Dr. Jones made known his presence and asked to come in. The lady objected, stating that the hour was improper, when he replied that he wished to see her at once and advise her on the subject she spoke of during the evening. "Oldroyd (the doctor's student) will not hear us; let me in." She peremptorily refused, and the doctor retiring from the door went to return to bed. At this time she thought Dr. Jones had withdrawn, and prepared to pass the night in security. Turning upon her couch, her wearied eyes were hardly closed when sleep was frightened away by a grating sound, and the woman started to her feet by the sudden appearance of a visitor whom she was trying to shun.

We have heretofore stated that the rooms of Drs. Jones and Galentine were in the same building, on the second floor, and were separated from each other only by a narrow hall. In the extreme front of each room, over the stairs, there is a small closet, one of which was used by Dr. Jones as a laboratory. A door through this closet opens into Dr. Galentine's office, and it was at this door that she heard the grating noise as of a bolt being drawn. In a moment after hearing the noise Dr. Jones appeared before her. Exasperated at his audacity, she ran through the apartment into a kitchen, where she locked herself up. Here a conversation ensued between the two persons, the defenceless woman entreating Dr. Jones to leave her house, and he endeavoring to induce her to come forth from her place of refuge. Finally she heard the noise of retreating footsteps, and in a few moments, thinking he had gone, came forth and stepped right into the embrace of Dr. Jones. It is said the wife struggled to free herself from the embraces of the muscular man. He held her, however, in his powerful grasp, carried her to her bed and there effected his purpose. After that the two met often, and she lived from day to day in a state of adultery with him. The above recital is almost a *verbatim* account of the case, as related to our reporter yesterday by Dr. Galentine's father. A week ago last Sunday Dr. Jones and Mrs. Galentine confessed to the injured husband that an attempt at rape by Dr. Galentine had been made, on Thursday last, Oct. 6th, Dr. Galentine called his wife and Dr. Jones together, and they then confessed that the attempted rape had been successful. Dr. Galentine threatened to shoot Jones, who is said to have offered to fight a duel, saying:—"I am a good marksman, and can snuff a candle at twenty paces every time." After some further conversation the parties separated.

John G. Galentine, eighteen years of age, and a medical student, is a brother of Dr. Galentine, the prisoner, now yesterday that on last Thursday, while he was returning from a lecture delivered in the Western Reserve College, he met his brother Jay on River street, immediately north of the bridge going——

"Come with me and you'll see," said the other. "Where is Wagner's loan office?

"What do you want there?" asked the younger brother.

"I want a pistol to shoot a d——d son of a b——h."

All questions put by the young man were in vain. His brother was excited, and talked incoherently. He went into a store and looked at some revolvers, and finally bought a pistol at Cohen's loan office. He then went to the bank of the lake, where he tried the pistol, and was about to leave, when his brother succeeded in taking the arm from him. Once in possession of the weapon he hurried off to 528 Columbus street to tell his father what he had seen. The father then went to see his son, and found his eyes bleared, his face pale and his conduct completely changed. The father thought him sick, and was told that he was mistaken. "I'm not very well," said the son, "and have eaten scarcely anything and slept but a few hours since Sunday." The father mentioned an article he had read in the *Leader*, stating that he thought it referred to him and Jones. At the repetition of this name the son exclaimed:—"D——n the villain! I'll shoot him!" The father started at this exclamation, implored his son to put aside all thoughts of shooting, and to leave the matter to the law. Then the son replied that Dr. Jones had attempted to commit a rape on his wife and had succeeded.

On Friday Dr. Galentine brought his guilty wife and her seducer together and showed them that he had abundant proofs of their criminality. After talking with them for some time they both confessed their guilt. The young husband was then fully conscious of his position. He was enraged for a short time, but recovered, and remained quietly in his office. During the evening, while in his front room, he heard low whispers near Dr. Jones' laboratory, and on drawing near overheard his wife, Dr. Jones and another person, in conversation. His father states that the son overheard his wife and her paramour agree not to visit each other, and to force the husband to refrain from legal measures. The third voice was heard to give advice, and we are informed by Dr. Galentine, Sen., that it was the voice of lawyer Chapman, a young attorney of our city. The husband further overheard them agree to arrest him for slander in case he instituted legal proceedings, and then the conspirators adjourned.

Dr. Galentine, Jr., was seized with a paroxysm of rage when he became privy to this plot against him. His wife returned to her rooms where her husband at once confronted her and repeated all that he had heard. She not only made no denial, but admitted that she and Dr. Jones had agreed to hang by each other and prosecute him in case he carried the matter into court. "We shall arrest you for slander," said she, "if you begin a lawsuit." The conversation which followed was of but little importance, and the husband soon left his home.

He left his home with his bosom stung by indignation, madness and revenge. He now had the most conclusive proofs of his wife's guilt. Whatever lingering traces of faith in her might have remained in his bosom were extirpated, and he believed her false, unscrupulous and capable of coolly plotting his ruin. He believed that the demon of lust was holding its tumultuous carnival in her heart, and that all his troubles had been caused by one man. That man had first used force, and then, after accomplishing his designs, had so completely ensnared the woman in his meshes as to make her plot the ruin and misery of her own husband. That night he purchased a revolver, and a few minutes after seven the next morning the final reckoning hour for Dr. Jones had arrived.

Mrs. Galentine is a very interesting appearance, about twenty-three years of age. She is above medium height, very stately in proportions and graceful in every movement. Her forehead is very high, eyes large and blue, surmounted by a finely arched, heavy eyebrow. Her blonde hair is very thick and worn with a heavy *bandeau* across the head. She is dignified in her behavior and conversed freely on the tragedy recently enacted by her husband. She is at present stopping at the house of a friend on Pearl, near Washington street, where our reporter visited her last evening.

Her account in relation to her husband's absence, and application to Dr. Jones for advice, is similar to what is stated above. He frequently invited her to go out with him, which she as often refused. His nocturnal visit and forced entrance to her room and the rape were repeated by her to our reporter in almost the same words as they are given above.

She states that the day after the outrage she endeavored to obtain possession of the key by which Dr. Jones had entered her room, but was unable to do so. She then went to Mr. Oldroyd, Dr. Jones' student, and told him that she must have that key for her protection. He remarked that she was perfectly safe and should not be molested, but she insisted upon having the key, and he told her that in the office it certainly have it. But the key could not be pulled out of the lock. Mrs. Galentine then attempted to fill the keyhole with plaster of Paris, but could not, and then she tried to secure the door with a clothes line.

During the day Mr. Oldroyd reported what had transpired to Dr. Jones, who afterwards went to Mrs. Galentine and angrily asked her why she had been to his student for the key. She replied that she must have the key, but he declared that he would never give it up, as he wanted to use it. He further remarked that she was now in his power. Mrs. Galentine was greatly alarmed. Whenever she could she had lady friends stay with her, and sometimes slept away from home. But Dr. Jones would steal her keys when she was away, and would, furthermore, visit her during the day time, often, she says, forcing her to minister to his passions. This state of things continued until and after Dr. Galentine's return.

Mrs. Galentine states that her husband by some means got wind of the matter and questioned her, when she admitted a part of what had transpired. She relates that her husband interrogated her and Dr. Jones together, and that they admitted the attempted rape. After the publication of the article in our paper in reference to the matter, Dr. Jones told her that there was no further use in trying to deny the matter, and they confessed all their guilt to the injured husband. She is "mum" as to having been overheard in conversation with Dr. Jones and Lawyer Chapman, and having conspired against her husband. She says that she visited Dr. Jones and had agreed not to testify against him. This excited Galentine terribly, and the next morning, after a restless night, the murder was committed.

A YOUNG LADY in Kansas was lately kidnapped and carried off by a man who told her she resembled his dead wife so much that he wished to marry her—but she "couldn't see it" and made her escape.

LADIES NOW-A-DAYS paint the corners of their eyes with a dark blue line, which it is thought gives them a soft and beautiful expression. A female friend of ours says that's not the only soft thing about the "painters."

THE LATEST INDIANA DIVORCE CASE.

AN INFAMOUS AFFAIR.

Joel G. Jones, long a resident of Lost river township, in this county, and well known to many of our readers, became dissatisfied with the matrimonial choice he had made, and began to revolve in his mind some scheme by which he might dissolve the marital relations subsisting between himself and Mary Jones, his wife, that he might obtain one more in sympathy with his degraded manhood. His wife was a daughter of Jeremiah Finkle, who resides a few miles south of Shoals, and who, when she unfortunately became the wife of Jones, was one of the most intelligent, beautiful and virtuous girls to be found in that vicinity, and a woman whose whole heart went out in love and devotion to the man of her choice, and whose graceful demeanor commanded the respect of all who met her. But the continued and inhuman abuse of her husband soon changed the dream of happiness into the blackness of despair, which so preyed upon her reason, at intervals, to such an extent that only for the interference of her parents she would have been sent to the asylum. Her father, well knowing the cause that impaired her mind, took her home when in the worst stages, where, relieved from the abuses and outrages she was subject to in her own house, she would soon recover her wonted equilibrium, only to be disturbed again as soon as domiciled in her own home. In this conditaon she has passed the last two or three years of her life, suffering as few women have been called upon to, and as few have the kindness of heart or heroic fortitude to undergo. With no hope for relief only in death, this noble woman—for noble she is in the sight of God—resolved to bear her cross and suffer on rather than abandon the little ones God had blessed her with.

Jones, losing all hope of driving his wife to the asylum or the grave, determined to apply for a divorce. But this proved to be no small matter. What charges could he prefer against her character? She had always been a faithful and obedient wife, and this fact was well known throughout the neighborhood, and he alone the transgressor. A consultation was held with Jones' brothers and a hell-deserving scoundrel by the name of Barritt, who had imposed himself upon the good people of the Christian church as a minister of the gospel, that he might further the interests of the devil. A plan was agreed upon, but where was the man so lost to all sense of honor as to be the tool of such a wicked combination? The tool was at hand also in the person of Cass Crane and ready for his devilish work. Crane was informed that the husband would pay him fifty dollars if he would outrage the person of his wife. The proposition was readily agreed to and at the appointed time Jones left home, informing his wife that he would be gone over night. About 8 o'clock of the same night—the 22d of July last—accompanied by Crane and Barritt, he returned home, Jones and Barritt stopping a few rods from the house while Crane went in. He remained in the house a short time and then went out to his accomplices, telling them he entered the house again, followed by Barritt, and accomplished his brutal purpose in the presence of Barritt, while the husband remained at the window and witnessed his own shame. They all left the house together. Jones immediately filed his petition for a divorce, on the ground of adultery. As soon as Mrs. Jones' father heard of these proceedings, he determined that his child should have justice, and accordingly died a "cross bill," praying that she have the divorce and all other proper relief. The case was called last week for trial in the Circuit Court. Allen & Gardner, McCarthy & Holman, Rogers & Brown, and J. E. Dromgoole appeared for Jones, while Cobb, Clark & Moser, and Major Simpson took the defence. A jury was promptly empaneled. Some two or three witnesses were examined, when the petition for divorce was dismissed by Jones' counsel. Mrs. Jones' mind being inpaired, prevented her from obtaining a divorce, and her attorney dismissed her case. As soon as this was disposed of, Mr. Dobbins caused the arrest of all the conspirators. Mack and Joel Jones and William Barritt promptly gave bail for their appearance at the next term of the court. Crane failed to give the necessary bail and was sent to jail. Thus ends for the present one of the blackest crimes on record, and one that calls for the most rigid enforcement of the law and the condemnation of all good citizens.—*Loogootee Herald, Sept. 22d.*

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

VOLUNTARY ABANDONMENT BY TWO YOUNG GIRLS.

One of the most shocking cases of young girls' determination of following an abandoned course of life recently occurred at St. Louis, the particulars of which we quote from the *Times* of that city:—

A debased looking woman entered the Central police station, followed by two girls, who had a half hesitating, half confident air, and asked to see "the captain." Captain Kohlund stepped forward and ascertained from the leading female that she was the proprietress of a bawdy house in Almond street; that these two girls had called upon her, representing that they were respectable, had been employed as domestics in the city, and that they had mutually agreed to enter upon a life of prostitution. With a moral sense of honor which an ordinary observer would scarcely have given her credit for, the keeper of the house had decided to make the case before the authorities before she consented to receive these wayward creatures as inmates of her den. The captain took the trio into his office and questioned them closely. In answer to the inquiry whether they had considered the terrible step they were about to take, they answered that they had fully and deliberately done so, and had no misgivings for the future.

Captain—"Have you been driven to this by poverty?"

Girls—"No sir."

Captain—"Is seduction a reason?"

Girls (indignantly)—"No, sir."

Captain.—"Do you mean to tell me that you are both pure girls?"

Girls.—"We do, most truly."

Younger girl—"Well, sir, we some reason for such a life to dances, having nice dresses, and riding out once in a while."

Captain—"And you two girls stand there in your right minds and tell me that you have deliberately decided to go to hell?"

Girls—"We don't know about that."

For a long time the captain endeavored to dissuade them from the course of life they had selected. He depicted to them in the darkest colors the inevitable fate of all who enter upon the path of shame, and earnestly begged them to re-consider before it was too late. But his well-meant efforts were of no avail, the self doomed ones could not be shaken in their determination. In answer to further inquiries they stated that they had no parents living. One, however, afterwards said that she had a father living in Indiana, but that he had not treated her decently and did not care what became of her. After exhausting all the arguments at his command, the captain took down a book and registered them, with the remark that "when a woman has fully determined to become a prostitute he knew of no law to prevent it."

The girls were aged respectively eighteen and twenty years and were of respectable appearance—one of them quite good looking. After some instructions as to the requirements of the law, they were suffered to depart. Thus they reverse the rule as usually observed by those who choose such a profession. These begin at the foot of the ladder. They make their *debut* where the curtain falls upon their other sisters in crime.

Under the guidance of the woman who had brought them in, they departed—departed for the vice-stained precincts of Almond street, whence it is probable that they may never emerge until intemperance and disease shall have so stamped their features as will render them unrecognizable except as brutes, or until death comes with kindly care to rescue them from the fearful associations which they have voluntarily chosen.

A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE PREVENTED.

Charles Downing, of Boston, a son of the well known colored caterer of the capital, and Georgine Jacobs, a handsome octoroon, moving in the upper circles of colored society in the federal metropolis, having formed a warm attachment for each other, desired to get married, but their wishes were opposed by an aunt of the bride, with whom she resides. The young people, however, had no idea of having their happiness interfered with, and arranged for a private marriage on Thursday evening last, intending to leave here on the 9 o'clock P. M. train on a wedding tour. Miss Georgine informed her aunt Thursday afternoon that she intended to accompany the young man to the theatre that evening, and the aunt gave her consent. Late in the afternoon the respective groom, with a friend, called on the City Register (Mr. John F. Cook), at his residence, corner of 16th and K streets, for a license, thinking the officer who issued business licenses also issued matrimonial permits. The register not being at home at the time of these calls, the applicants were told to call again, and at the same time they intimated that the hour of eight had been set for the ceremony, and mentioned the name of the prospective bride. In a short time the register returned to his home, and his family related to him what had occurred, and he, in the goodness of his heart, and not wishing the parties to be disappointed, walked to the residence of the aunt of the bride in order to tell them that he was not the proper officer to issue the license, and also to inform them that Mr. R. J. Meigs, the clerk of the court, who was the officer they needed, might be found at his residence, on New Jersey avenue. On arriving and ringing the door bell the aunt, accompanied by the blushing candidate for matrimonial honors, appeared, when Register Cook, noticing that the girl appeared somewhat embarrassed, attempted to turn the matter off. The aunt, however, had heard enough to have her suspicions aroused, and pressed the register for an explanation, and he was finally induced, much against his will, to tell all he knew of the proposed marriage. The prospective bride turned all manner of colors as her aunt asked:—"What have you come to do about the theatre?" She did not go to the theatre that evening, neither did she marry the man of her choice, or any other man.—*Washington Evening Star, Oct. 8.*

THE PANEL GAME;

OR, CUPID'S CUPIDITY DEMONSTRATED.

A Patersonian merchant, named John McCullum, came to this city on the 13th inst., the fortunate possessor of $7,000, a portion of which, says the *N.

THE TURF.

Jerome Park Fall Races.

THIRD DAY—TUESDAY, OCT. 11TH.

NIAGARA WINS THE GRAND NATIONAL HANDICAP—MADAME DUDLEY THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES—KINGFISHER THE ANNUAL SWEEPSTAKES—FELICITY THE THREE QUARTER MILE DASH, AND JUDGE CURTIS THE $500 PURSE FOR ALL AGES.

Tuesday, the 11th inst., was the third day of the fall race meeting at Jerome Park, the previous two days' sport having been fully reported in last week's CLIPPER. The weather was far from being favorable, for dense masses of black clouds, threatening rain, filled the sky, and hundreds were deterred in consequence from visiting the track. During the afternoon a smart shower fell, but its only effect was to lay the clouds of dust on the track, which arose when the horses galloped without rendering the going in the least heavy.

THE GRAND NATIONAL HANDICAP,

the first race on the card, was a sweepstakes of $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,000 added, of which $200 went to the second horse. After the publication of weights winners were penalized—of $1,000, 5 lbs. extra; of $2,000, 7 lbs. extra; two miles and a quarter. Four horses ran—Gleneig, 4 years, 119 lbs., including 7 lbs. extra; Mozart, 3 years, 87 lbs.; Niagara, 4 years, 103 lbs., and Cavalier, 3 years, 86 lbs. Gleneig, on the strength of his clever victory over Helmbold in the University Stakes, was made a hot favorite, notwithstanding the crushing weight he carried, selling in one pool, which was an average of the rest, for $610; Cavalier, $205; Mozart, $150, and Niagara, $160. When the flag fell Niagara was the first to show in front, but was almost immediately passed by Mozart, who led Mr. Sanford's filly two lengths as they went under the string, Cavalier third and Gleneig six lengths in the rear of the latter. They ran without any change throughout the next mile, Mozart leading Niagara a length as they passed under the string, the latter four lengths before Cavalier, who had the favorite at his haunches. On the next quarter Gleneig passed Cavalier, who fell back hopelessly beaten, utterly unable to go the pace Mozart was cutting out for his followers. Mozart continued in front around the club house hill and along the lower end to the head of the home-stretch, where Driscoll, who had been nursing his mare patiently, let her out, and, challenging Mozart, she had him safe after a brief struggle, and, although Brown made repeated vigorous efforts to recover the lead, Niagara stalled him off and won the race cleverly by a length amid tumultuous cheering. Gleneig was third, four lengths behind Mozart, and Cavalier beaten off. Time, 4:09¼.

JEROME PARK, TUESDAY, Oct. 10.—FIRST RACE.—The Grand National Handicap Sweepstakes, $100 each, half forfeit, and only $20 if declared, with $1,000 added, of which $200 to the second horse. After publication of weights, winner of $1,000 to carry 5lbs. extra; of $2,000, 7lbs.; of $3,000, 10lbs.; two miles and a quarter.

H. M. Sanford's b m Niagara, 4 yrs, by Lexington, dam Bay Leaf, 103lbs.....Driscoll 1
A. Belmont's b h Gleneig, 4 yrs, by Citadel, dam Babta, 119 lbs.....Miller 2
Bacon & Holland's ch c Mozart, 3 yrs, by Australian, dam by Lexington, 87lbs.....Brown 3
F. Morris' br c Eclipse, 3 yrs, dam Etiquette, 86lbs.....Clare 4

Time, 4:09¾.

THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES

was the second race, for two year olds only, $100 each, half forfeit, with $500 added, one mile. There were eleven entries and six starters, viz.:—John O'Donnell's ch f Fanchon, M. H. Sanford's b f Madame Dudley, L. W. Jerome's ch f by Kentucky, dam Gilda; F. Morris' b c Barbarian, D. D. Withers' ch f Corona, and Hunter and Travers' b c Precedent. Barbarian, on account of his relationship to Ruthless, was made the favorite, selling in pools for $130; Corona, $90; Fanchon, $60; Jerome's filly, $65; Madame Dudley and Precedent each $55. Fanchon made the running, with the Gilda filly second, and Madame Dudley lying handily on third position. They ran thus around the Club House hill, and along the lower stretch, where Madame Dudley, passing Jerome's filly, joined issue with Fanchon. A spirited struggle ensued up the home-stretch, but Madame Dudley, as the distance came away, and won in a canter by six lengths from Fanchon; Barbarian a bad third, Precedent fourth, and Corona sixth and last. Time, 1:50½.

SAME DAY—SECOND RACE.—The Champagne Stakes, for two year olds, of $100 each, half forfeit, with $500 added. The winner of any stake at Jerome Park, Long Branch or Saratoga, to carry 7lbs. extra; of two or more such stakes, 10lbs. extra; one mile; eleven subscribers.

M. H. Sanford's b f Madame Dudley, by Lexington, dam by Flying Dutchman.....W. Miller 1
John O'Donnell's ch f Fanchon, by Australian, dam Idlewild.....Brown 2
F. Morris' b c Barbarian, by Eclipse, dam Barbarity...Miller 3
Hunter and Travers' b c Precedent, by Censor or Jerome Edgar, dam Nannie Lewis.....F. Gray 4
L. Jerome's ch f by Kentucky, dam Gilda.....McLaughlan 5
D. D. Withers' ch f Corona, by Eclipse, dam by Slasher...Burns 6

Time, 1:50½.

THE ANNUAL SWEEPSTAKES

for three year olds, of $500 each, half forfeit, with $1,000 added, two miles, was anticipated as one of the most interesting races of the meeting, but the presence of the renowned Kingfisher frightened away all opposition, and he had nothing to do but gallop around the course twice for the $7,250, the nett value of the stake.

THE THREE QUARTER MILE DASH

was a sweepstakes for all ages, $25 each, p p, with $300 added, and of the four entries two only appeared on the course. These were Mr. Morris' gr f Felicity, and Mr. Thomas' br f Zinga. It was any odds on the fleet grey filly, who made the running throughout and "won in a walk." Time, 1:20¾.

SAME DAY.—FOURTH RACE.—Sweepstakes for all ages, of $25 each, with $300 added; 1¼ miles. Winner to be sold for $1,500; if for more, allowed 3 lbs. Knight of St. George, dam by Star Davis, 92lbs.....Robinson 2

Time, 1:20¾.

THE FIFTH RACE

was for a purse of $500, with the entrance money to second horse, one mile and a-----

were John O'Donnell's ch h Judge Curtis, T. W. Doswell's b f Midday, R. W. Walden's ch h General Yorke, and H. P. McGrath's b f Susan Ann. The betting was spirited, for, despite the known speed and game of Judge Curtis, Midday had a host of friends who thought that at the difference of weights (he carrying 114 lbs. to her 92 lbs.) she would be able to beat him. The Judge sold for $1,000; Midday, $740; Susan Ann, $90; and General Yorke, $210. Judge Curtis took the lead, but was quickly passed by Susan Ann, who held it around the base of the club house hill, and when the horse came into view she was still two lengths in front of the favorite. In this order they ran the first time round, Midday being at the favorite's quarters as they went under the string, and General Yorke last. On the turn Judge Curtis deprived Susan Ann of the lead and they ran with out change to the head of the stretch where Midday made her effort, and, passing Susan Ann, made play for the Judge. She never could reach him, however, and he won cleverly by a length, Susan third and Yorke a bad fourth. Time, 3:12¾.

SAME DAY.—FIFTH RACE.—Purse $500.—Entrance money to second horse. One mile and three-quarters.

John O'Donnell's ch h Judge Curtis, 5 yrs, by Lexington, dam Lilla, 114 lbs.....Hennessy 1
Thos. W. Doswell's b f Midday, 3 yrs, by Eclipse, dam Ninetie, 92 lbs.....Burns 2
H. P. McGrath's b f Susan Ann, 3 yrs, by Lexington, dam Roxana, 92 lbs.....Brown 3
R. W. Walden's ch h General Yorke, 6 yrs, by Planet, dam Albine, 118 lbs.....Noble 4

Time, 3:12¾.

FOURTH DAY, THURSDAY, OCT. 13TH.

RAPTURE WINS THE MEMBERS' CUP, NANNIE DOUGLASS THE TWO MILE HEAT RACE, EDENTON THE SELLING RACE, LADY PETRY THE THREE YEAR OLD RACE AND ELSIE THE TWO YEAR OLD RACE.

The morning of the fourth day was dull and gloomy, and the attendance in consequence was much smaller than on the previous days. The track was very deep in mud and awfully heavy for the horses.

THE MEMBERS' CUP,

the first race on the card, had only two entries, Climax and Rapture, and after a good deal of betting had been done, Climax having the call, it was announced that he was withdrawn, and Rapture walked over for the prize. This gave great dissatisfaction, as by the rules of the American Jockey Club all bets made on the course are play or pay, and the backers of Climax had to pay, without having a chance of winning. Pools, on the contrary, are not play or pay, and this distinction elicited strong expressions of dissatisfaction from the losers. Summary:—

FOURTH DAY, Thursday, Oct. 13th.—FIRST RACE.—Members' Cup—Handicap sweepstakes of $50 each, play or pay, with $250 added. One mile and an eighth.

W. R. Lawrence's b f Rapture, 4 yrs, 142 pounds.....w. o.
C. Livingston's br h Climax, aged, 155 pounds.....dr.

THE SECOND RACE

was a sweepstakes of $50 each, p. p., with $1,000 added, two mile heats. The entries were Haric, 3 yrs, and Nannie Douglas, 4 yrs; the latter being the favorite, at $500 to $300 in the pools. The first heat was won by Haric by a neck, after a splendid race; time, 3:49. Haric was now the favorite at $400 to $210. After going a mile, Haric was in trouble and his jockey had to use the whip, but without effect, for the horse tired badly, and Nannie Douglas won the heat in a common canter in 3:57. In the third heat Haric took the lead, but was quickly passed by the mare, who made the running throughout, and won by sixty yards under a strong pull. Time, 4:04¾.

SECOND RACE.—Sweepstakes of $50 each, play or pay, with $1,000 added, of which $300 to the second horse, the third horse to receive $100 out of the stakes; heats of two miles.

Bacon & Holland's b m Nannie Douglas, 4 yrs, by Rogers, dam by Wagner, 105 lbs.....Robinson..2 1 1
J. O'Donnell's b g Haric, 3 yrs, by Australian, dam Brenna, 95 lbs.....Brown..1 2 2

Time, 3:49; 3:57; 4:04¾.

THE SELLING STAKES

of $25 each, p p, with $500 added, one mile and an eighth, had five runners, Edenton, Climax, Athlone, Oakleaf and Rapture. Climax was the favorite, selling for $800; Edenton, $600; Oakleaf, $150; Rapture, $200, and Athlone, $75. Athlone, with Edenton next, made the running for half a mile, when Edenton took it up, closely followed by Climax, and the race was left to the pair, Edenton winning at the finish, after a fine race, by a length. Climax failed to carry the heavy weight home over the deep track. Rapture was a bad third, beaten fifty yards, and Oakleaf last. Time, 3:06¾.

THIRD RACE.—Selling Sweepstakes of $25 each, p p, with $500 added. The winner to be sold at auction. Horses entered to be sold as $1,500, to carry their appropriate weights; at $1,000, to be allowed 5lbs.; at $750, 10lbs.; at $500, 15lbs. One mile and five eighths.

C. Littlefield's b c Edenton, 4 yrs, by Ulverston, dam Amanda, $500, 98lbs.....Burns 1
R. W. Walden's br h Climax, aged, by Balrownie, dam Jewel, $750, 108lbs.....Hennessy 2
J. K. Lawrence's b m Rapture, 4 yrs, by Lapidist, dam Parachute, $1,000, 103lbs.....McLaughlin 3
James Thompson's ch c Athlone, 4 yrs, by Lexington, dam Alabama, $1,000, 103lbs.....Zimmers 4
D. McDaniels' b f Oakleaf, 4 yrs, by Oakland, dam Leisure, $500, 90lbs.....Williams 5

Time, 3:06½.

FOURTH RACE.—Purse of $500, for three year olds. Entrance money to second horse. Winners during the year of $1,000 to carry 5 lbs. extra; of $2,000, 10 lbs; of $3,000, 15 lbs. One mile and one quarter.

John Franklin's b f Lady Petry, 3 yrs, 107lbs.....Robinson 1
Carroll & Coar's br c by Doncaster, 3 yrs, 110lbs.....Wood 2
Clarke & Grinstead's b f Flash of Lightning, 3 yrs, 107lbs. Brown 3
Bacon & Holland's ch c Mozart, 3 yrs, 110lbs.....Hennessy 4
R. W. Walden's b f Echo, 3 yrs, 107lbs.....Noble 5
Gov Bowie's ch f Hilarity, 3 yrs, 107lbs.....Stoops 6

Time, 2:21¼.

THE TWO YEAR OLD RACE

was for a purse of $500, three-quarters of a mile. The entries were Mr. Withers' br f Elsie, Mr. Thompson's b c Nickajack, and Messrs. Denison and Thompson's b c Muscus. Elsie sold for $400, Nickajack and Muscus for $100 each. The favorite quickly took the lead, held it throughout and won the race easily by ten lengths in a common exercising canter. Time, 1:25.

FIFTH RACE.—Purse of $500, for two year olds; entrance money to second horse, winners during the year of $1,000 to carry five pounds extra, of $2,000, 10 pounds, of $3,000, 15 pounds, three quarters of a mile.

D. D. Withers' br f Elsie, by Leamington, dam Bapta...W. Gray 1
James Thompson's b c Nickajack, by Rogers, dam Capitola.....Zimmers 2
Denison & Crawford's b c Muscus, by Prophet, dam Jessie Dixon.....Stewart 3

Time, 1:25.

THE MATCH

for $1,000, half forfeit, between Mr. Belmont's ch c By the Sea, 2 years, and Denison & Crawford's b c, 2 years, by Censor, resulted in the latter paying forfeit.

SIXTH RACE.—Match $1,000, half forfeit, one mile and one eighth. A. Belmont's ch c By the Sea, by Thormanby out of Bertha.....Received forfeit.
Denison & Crawford's b c, by Censor, out of The Gleamin, 2 years.....Paid forfeit.

(For Continuation see Page 226.)

The Narragansett Races.

LADY HUGHES WINS THE PURSE FOR 2:45 HORSES, AND GOLDSMITH MAID TAKES THE OPEN RACE.

The October meeting at Narragansett Park, Cranston, R. I., was brought to a close in a gratifying manner on Monday, 10th inst., when, the weather being delightful, there was a large gathering of spectators, exceeding that of any preceding day since the commencement. The first race programmed was

THE 2:45 CLASS,

which had fourteen entries, but only four of the number started, the speed previously exhibited by Lady Hughes, a strong favorite, inducing the withdrawal of the others. The race does not require description, as Lady Hughes won it in the most hollow time imaginable, Fanny Kemble and Black Hawk being distanced in the first heat, and Nellie Morrison barely escaping the same fate. The latter was really distanced in the second heat, but the judges permitted her to start again, and she was distanced in the third, the favorite thereby securing the entire purse. Summary:—

NARRAGANSETT PARK HORSE FAIR, CRANSTON, R. I., MONDAY, OCT. 10TH.—Purse, $500; $325 to first, $125 to second and $50 to third; for horses that never trotted better than 2:45; mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Alex. Patterson's b m Lady Hughes	1	1	1
W. H. Moody's b m Nellie Morrison, colors	2	2	dis
Wm. La Rose's ch m Fanny Kemble	dis.		
Thos. Carpenter's blk m Blackhawk	dis.		

Time, 2:33¼; 2:30; 2:32.

THE OPEN RACE,

for a $4,000 purse, was the next and final event of the season, and from the fact that the entries embraced a quintet of the finest nags on the trotting turf, viz.:—Lucy, American Girl, Goldsmith Maid, George Palmer and Mountain Boy, it was regarded with paramount interest and the accomplishment of very fast time was expected. Goldsmith Maid was a hot favorite, American Girl and Lucy having the call next in order. About three o'clock the horses were called up for the

First heat.—After a number of unsuccessful attempts to score, the signal was given for a tolerably fair send-off, Goldsmith Maid being slightly in the van and going by the quarter pole with a good lead of Palmer, who headed the girl a clear length. At the half pole American Girl was closing with Palmer, and Lucy had sent Mountain Boy to the rear. As they made the upper turn American Girl got lapped to Palmer's wheel, and a pretty race ensued around the turn, both being head and head at the three-quarter pole. After swinging into the home-stretch Palmer broke badly and dropped to the rear; Lucy then made the race against American Girl, and, forcing her to a break after passing the distance stand, she beat her out by a short length. Goldsmith Maid passed the wire under a pull in 2:22; Mountain Boy fourth and Palmer at the rear.

Second heat.—They were away this time at the first essay, the Maid again going to the front around the turn, Palmer well up, and Mountain Boy next. These positions were retained when passing the quarter pole, save that the Maid had increased her lead to nigh three lengths, while Palmer had opened a length upon the Boy, the others being close upon the latter's heels and bunched. On the straight side Mountain Boy went up to Palmer and reached the half-pole lapped to his wheel. The race was really for the second place, as Goldsmith Maid kept clear of her competitors all the way round, and the interest centred in the race between the other horses. Mountain Boy gradually got even with Palmer, and at the upper turn they were head and head. Mountain Boy now got his head at the front, and after making the three-quarter turn he shook Palmer's company and followed Goldsmith Maid in the second place, Palmer again fell back on the home-stretch, and American Girl came down in the third place. These positions were not again changed, and Goldsmith Maid beat Mountain Boy to the wire by a couple of clear lengths in 2:23¾, American Girl third and Lucy following.

Third Heat.—This proved really the only exciting heat of the contest, for in it the favorite's position in the van was stubbornly disputed by Palmer, who had a lead of over two clear lengths, the Maid being carried off her feet there. Upon striking the straight quarter Palmer increased the pace to a 2:12 gait and reached the half pole in 33 seconds, or 1:06 for the first half. The little mare was not fast enough in this pinch to close with him, but in response to a call she made a gallant effort before reaching the half pole, and in so doing broke again. Palmer now eased up on the rapid gait, and recovering quickly from her break, the little mare closed with him at the upper turn and they went around in the three-quarter pole nose and nose. The gelding made a grand race home, but the Maid drew away from him slowly and surely, and came past the wire with a lead of a length in 2:21, Palmer breaking near and running over the score. Lucy was third, Mountain Boy fourth, and American Girl at the rear. The race was awarded to Goldsmith Maid. Lucy received second and Mountain Boy third money. The following is a summary:—

SAME DAY.—Purse, $4,000; $2,500 to first, $1,000 to second, and $500 to third; for all horses, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Budd Doble's b m Goldsmith Maid.....1 1 1
Wm. Doble's b m Lucy.....2 4 3
J. D. McMann's b g Mountain Boy.....4 2 4
Chas. Champlin's br g George Palmer.....5 3 5
Benjamin Daniels' b m American Girl.....3 5 2

Time.	*Quar.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*	*Time.*	*Quar.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*
First heat...0:35	1:08	2:22		Third heat.0:35	1:08	2:21	
Second heat.0:35	1:09¼	2:23¾					

Trotting at Prospect Park.

The autumnal trotting meeting at the above named track of Brooklyn, L. I., commenced on Tuesday, the 11th inst, and because of the fine weather, except on Wednesday, the attractions of the fair and the turf sport, the attendance has been generally good, and the various trots, of which we here give summaries only, well worth witnessing:—

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, Oct. 11th.—Purse, $750, for horses that had never beaten 2:30; $500 to first horse, $150 to second, $100 to third. mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

J. Murphy's br g David Bonner.....1 1 1
E. C. White's s m Fanny Fern.....3 3 2
H. Howe's blk m Lady Emily.....2 4 3
J. W. Colton's b m Gennie.....5 2 5
L. S. Sammis' br m Flora Day.....7 6 4
W. McMahon's s m Grace Bartram.....6 5 6
E. Thorne's br m Enigma.....4 dr.

Time.	*Quar.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*	*Time.*	*Quar.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*
1st heat...0:38½	1:16½	2:31½		3d heat...0:38¾	1:15½	2:31½	
2d heat...0:38½	1:15	2:33¾					

SAME DAY.—Silver Pitcher, value $150, for members' horses, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

R. Fletcher's ro g Robin.....2 1 1 1
J. J. Smith's ch m Nellie Conder.....dis.

Time.	*Quar.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*	*Time.*	*Quar.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*
1st heat...0:38½	1:16¼	2:33½		3d heat...0:40	1:19	2:38	
2d heat...0:39¾	1:18½	2:41		4th heat...0:40	1:18	2:37½	

SECOND DAY.—Purse $500, for members' horses, beats, best three in five, in harness.

Robert Fletcher's b c Socrates.....1 1 1
Samuel P. Dorsey's b m Lucille.....2 2 2
Edwin Thorne's b c Nicotine.....3 3 3
W. C. Bryant's b c Roby Golddust.....4 4 4
Jackson & Frost's b c Fortune.....5 dis.
Robert Dempster's ch f Maggie Monroe.....dis.
G. B. Van Wyck's b c Effie Deans.....dis.
C. L. Bailey's b c Nelson.....dr.
Richard Dennison's b f Ella Burns.....dr.

Time.	*Quarter.*	*Half.*	*Three-quarters.*	*Mile.*
First heat.....0:40½	1:17½	1:55½		2:34½
Second heat.....0:39½	1:16	1:55	2:36	2:40½
Third heat.....0:39½	1:17	1:57	2:40½	

SAME DAY.—Premium $500 for horses that have never beaten 2:50—$350 to first, $100 to second and $50 to third horse; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

A. Patterson's b m Lady Hughes.....4 1 1 1
John Murphy's br g James H. Coleman.....1 2 3 3
John P. Flander's g g Lottery.....2 4 2 2
J. W. Page's br g Harvey McLaughlin.....3 3 dis.
W. H. Jarvis' br m No Name.....dr.
Hiram Howe's b m Nancy Sykes.....dr.
L. S. Sammis' b g John.....dr.

Time.	*Quarter.*	*Half.*	*Three-quarters.*	*Mile.*
First heat.....0:38	1:14	1:54		2:35¾
Second heat.....0:37	1:12½	1:51		2:33
Third heat.....0:38¾	1:14	1:53½		2:34½
Fourth heat.....0:38½	1:14½	1:53¾		2:36¼

THIRD DAY, Friday, Oct. 14.—Purse, $1,000; for horses that had never beaten 2:26; $700 to the first horse; $200 to the second and $100 to the third; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

J. Harbeck entered g g Surprise.....1 2 3 2 2
D. Pfifer entered blk s Chas. E. Low.....3 3 3 1 1
D. H. Blanchard entered ch g License.....2 2 1 1 dis.
F. J. Nodine entered ch m Belle Strickland.....dr.
J. Murphy entered b g J. J. Bradley.....dr.
D. Mace entered b g Confidence.....dr.

Time.	*Quarter.*	*Half.*	*Three quarters.*	*Mile.*
First heat.....0:36½	1:13½	1:50		2:26
Second heat.....0:37	1:13¾	1:49¾		2:26½
Third heat.....(Time not taken.)				
Fourth heat.....0:37	1:12	1:48¾		2:26
Fifth heat.....(Time not taken.)				
Sixth heat.....0:38	1:16¾	1:56		2:35

SAME DAY.—The three year old colt stake, postponed from Oct. 1st; purse and stake, $2,050; mile heats, in harness.

G. B. Ailey entered br c Gauntlet.....1 1
Guy Miller entered b f.....2 2
W. C. Bryant entered s c.....4 3
R. Bradley entered g g Hager.....3 dr.
J. E. Stuart entered br f Gus.....dr.
Jackson & Frost entered br c Superb.....dr.

Time.	*Quarter.*	*Half.*	*Three quarters.*	*Mile.*
First heat.....0:41	1:21	2:03		2:44
Second heat.....0:41½	1:21½	2:04		2:45

For the fourth and last day's summary, see elsewhere.

Trotting at Springfield, Mass.

The fall meeting of the Springfield (Mass.) Club was held at Hampden Park last week, commencing on Oct. 11th, when about one thousand spectators were present. The inaugural contest was for horses that had never beaten 3:00, for a purse of $400—$250 first, $100 to second, and $50 to third, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. The starters were M. Richards' b g Horam, T. S. Carpenter's b m Another Such, E. L. Allen's s m Susie, Dan Mace's b g Two White Heels, Elisha Tobey's blk s Westfield Boy, and A. L. Holt's w m Emily. The first mentioned took the first heat and Hiram the three following and the race, Susie being second in each heat, and taking third money. Two White Heels was drawn after the third heat, and Emily and the Boy were distanced in the first and second heats respectively. Best time, 2:38, made in the fourth heat. It was followed by a trot for 2:32 horses, for a purse of $1,000—$600 to first, $300 to second, and $100 to third, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. The starters were G. P. Carpenter's Belle, of Toronto, G. N. Ferguson's g g Kansas Chief, D. Bigley's ch m Fanny, W. B. Smith's Jefferson, T. Carpenter's br g Johnny Reb, D. Mace's w g White Fawn, O. A. Hickok's s s St. Elmo. Four heats were trotted on the first day, Jefferson taking the first and fourth, and Belle, of Toronto, the other two. Darkness then compelled a postponement until next day, when Kansas Chief captured the fifth heat, Jefferson the sixth and the race. A rain storm caused a postponement of the races announced for the 12th, however.

The first event on the 13th was for 2:48 horses, for a purse of $400—$250 to first, $100 to second and $50 to third, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness, and it was won by S. Carpenter's b m Another Such, Douglas' Brom Keeney second, Dan Mace's Two White Heels third, H. King's Springfield Boy fourth and St. Elmo fifth. Keeney took the first heat; best time, second heat, 2:38¾. This was succeeded by a race for 2:29 horses, for which a purse of $1,500 was offered—$900 to first, $400 to second and $200 to third, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. The starters embraced Dan Mace's wh g Medoc, W. B. Smith's blk s Thos. Jefferson, Carroll's b g N. B. Palmer, J. J. Bowen's b g Sheppard Knapp, Jr., and D. C. Ryerson's g g Emperor. The first heat was captured by Jefferson, the third by Palmer and the other three by Medoc; best time, second heat, 2:29¼.

The third and closing day of the meeting was the best of the three, and some seven thousand spectators gathered to enjoy the sport. First came a trot for 2:38 horses, for a purse of $500; $300 to first, $125 to second and $75 to third. Seven of the nine horses entered started, viz.:—W. B. Smith's r g Fred. Tyler, Brom Keeney, Two White Heels, E. C. Robinson's c g Daniel Webster, W. E. Elliott's g g Frank Ralph, W. Rickards' b g Hiram and E. B. Whipple's blk g Buckskin. Five heats were contested, Hiram taking the first, Keeney the second and Tyler the remaining three. Buckskin was distanced in the first heat, Hiram in the second and Ralph in the third. Best time, second heat, 2:30¼. The second race was for 2:27 horses, for a purse of $2,000; $1,000 to first, $700 to second and $300 to third, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. The starters numbered five, viz.:—Western Girl, N. B. Palmer, Ed. White, Lady Sheridan and Harry Harley. Jessie Wales and Nonesuch were withdrawn. Four heats were necessary to decide the race, the first, second and fourth going to Western Girl, while Palmer took the third. Time, 2:30; 2:30; 2:30¾; 2:33. The meeting was a success in all respects, giving encouragement to the club under whose auspices it was held.

Trotting at Troy, N. Y.

The Rensselaer Park Association held their annual park fall meeting at their track, Troy, N. Y., last week, commencing on the 12th inst. The sport began with a trot for a purse of $500—$300 to first, $150 to second and $50 to third, open to horses that had never beaten 2:30. It was won by D. Mace's Coquette, James McKee's Lady Brisman second, and M. W. Olcott's Pownal mare, third; best time, 2:43. This was the only race decided on the opening day, that for 2:34 horses being postponed until the 15th, owing to rain. A contest for $1,500, $900 to first, $400 to second and $200 to third, for 2:26 horses, began the exercises on the 13th inst., eight horses being entered. After five heats had been trotted it was found necessary to postpone the finish until the day following, when it was won by Lady Backus, thus giving her the race. The second contest was for 2:28 horses, for a purse o. $2,000, $1,200 to first, $500 to second and $300 to third. Only four of the eight horses entered came to the post, Burnham's Nonesuch winning in three straight heats; best time, 2:32¾, first heat. On the 14th, the first race was for 2:50 horses, for a purse of $1,000—$600 to first, $300 to second and $100 to third. It was won in three successive heats by H. J. Beach's g g Jack, M. Hunt's br m Mary Barber second, D. Mace's bl m Coquette third; best time, 2:36¾. It was followed by the main event of the meeting, for a purse of $2,500—$1,500 to first, $600 to second, $350 to third and $250 to fourth. It was won by American Girl, Lucy second and George Wilkes third. Time, 2:28¾; 2:25; 2:29; 2:29.

Racing at Newmarket.

CARDINAL YORK WINS THE CESAREWITCH.

Concerning the result of the principal races of the Newmarket October Meeting the cable furnishes the following intelligence:—

LONDON, Oct. 11.—At the Newmarket races to-day the Cesarewitch Stakes, a free handicap of twenty-five sovereigns each, with two hundred added, for three year olds and upwards, which closed with 98 subscribers, was won by Mr. Pryor's b c Cardinal York, four years, out of the Newminster out of License, beating L. Meyer's ch c Not Out, three years old, by Umpire out of Surge, second, and Gen. Peel's b f Faraway, four years old, by Y. Melbourne, out of Maid of Masham, third.

OCT. 13.—The chief feature was the race for the Middle Park Plate of 500 sovereigns, given by the Jockey Club, the second horse to receive 200 sovereigns. The list closed with 161 subscribers. The race was won by W. S. Cartwright's chestnut colt Albert Victor, by Marsyas, out of the Princess of Wales. The betting before the race was 20 to 1 against Albert Victor.

MR. COOKE, of Bexer Co., Texas, is said to have ridden 61 miles in 2 hours, 56½ minutes, at the Western Texas fair at San Pedro, Oct. 10th, using Texan horses and saddles.

AQUATICS.

THE CAMBRIA-SAPPHO RACE.

THE LATTER AHEAD.

Wednesday, Oct. 12th, was the day set apart for the deeply interesting contest between the English yacht Cambria and the Sappho, owned by Mr. Douglas, of the New York Club, but fog and rain necessitated a postponement until the following day. The course was from Sandy Hook lightship, twenty miles to windward and return, and the prize sailed for, a cup valued at fifty guineas. The triple match, in which these vessels engaged in English waters, the American proving successful in each, lent to this trial an amount of interest in yachting circles not manifested in any previous match race with the representative of Britain, though the general impression was that a fourth triumph was in store for the Sappho. It was stipulated that the race should be completed within 5½ hours, to be sailed in accordance with the rules of the N. Y. Y. C., including allowance of time. During the night of the 13th the Cambria lay at anchor in the Horse Shoe, and here she was joined early next morning by her rival, which started her anchorage off the Staten Island club-house about half past six o'clock. Both vessels at once proceeded to the lightship, where it was found that the stakeboat engaged had not arrived, and, after considerable delay, the propeller Neafie was secured, and took up her station twenty miles from the lightship. The area and tonnage of the vessels is as follows:—

Name.	*Entered by.*	*Tonnage.*	*Area.*
Cambria	James Ashbury	227.6	2,105
Sappho	William Douglas	274.4	3,254.9

It was eleven o'clock before everything was in proper order, and shortly afterward the signal was given and the opposing crafts got under weigh, an excellent flying start being effected, and the yachts passing the lightship as follows:—

Sappho.....11h. 27m. 10s. | Cambria.....11h. 31m. 47s.

There was a fine whole sail breeze from the northwest, which it was thought would enable the yachts to finish the contest within the stipulated time. When within a few miles of the mark boat the wind shifted to west-southwest, causing the crews to work in a lively manner for a few minutes. The Sappho had led from the start, but only slightly, and the stake-boat was rounded by her at 2.47, and by the Cambria at 2.49-30, more than one-half of the allotted time being thus already consumed. They now went away on the starboard tack, the Cambria, which was about a quarter of a mile on the lee quarter of her opponent, changing to the port at 3.31, followed by the American two minutes afterwards. The wind again shifted, coming now from the W.N.W., which increased in force, sending the vessels, whose topsails had been taken in, bowling along through roughened waters with a speed which angured well for a splendid race, and one which would fully test the weatherly qualities of the contestants. In taking down the main topsail of the Cambria, the jack yard got fouled in the sheets, and the sail was split considerably. The Sappho was now merely drawing ahead, and at 5 o'clock, when the Cambria's topmast was housed, the latter was about two miles astern. Fresher and fresher grew the wind until it was nigh half a gale, and as it increased in strength so did the waters become rougher, the waves at times dashing across the decks of the racers, the creaking of whose spars bore testimony to the strain they were called upon to endure. When some ten miles distant from the goal a heavy sea swept over the deck of the Sappho with great violence, carrying overboard her yawl. The Cambria rapidly fell astern and at half past five was four miles in the rear. Darkness now began to close around the fast sailing yachts, and fears were entertained by those on board that the impending storm might result in mishap ere the race was ended. The vessels were soon obscured from view in the shades of night, but the Sappho continued to widen the gap between her and the Cambria, and at 7h. 02m. 13s. | Cambria.....7h. 51m. 20s. As the race was not completed within the specified 5½ hours, of course it becomes null and void, though it is apparent now to all that not only is the Cambria no match for the Sappho, but that the course sailed over cannot possibly be accomplished in the time stated.

THE SCHUYLKILL RACE COURSE.

Our remarks relative to the time said to have been made in a recent race on the Schuylkill river has elicited the subjoined communication upon the subject from a correspondent, "Navigator":—

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 13th, 1870.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—Your report of the scull race of the 5th inst. for the champion belt of our navy is correct. What you say about the length, or rather shortness, of the course is most decidedly true. Our course is considerably under three miles in length; none of the late contestants (and I can vouch for the winner) ever had any idea of beating, equaling, or even ever coming within 2 minutes of Hamill's best time. But this much your humble servant will maintain against all comers, that our course is probably as long as any amateur three mile course anywhere, not even excepting that of the Hudson River Rowing Association. It cannot be expected of amateur scullers, who can spare at best but a few hours of the afternoon or evening for their pulling in scull or shell, that they should equal or even approach the time of our big bugs and professional cracks. But this furnishes no excuse for the course of the board in constantly shortening the distance to be rowed over; that other rowing associations do it, and always have done it, is no reason why we should. I can vouch for the fact that the gentlemen engaged all did their best, with the exception, perhaps, of the winner, who wasn't pressed at any stage of the race, and who might have done better. Whatever the length of the course may have been (*and we know how long it was*) the time made was very fair for amateurs. And why shouldn't the men have made good time? The course was perfectly clear, the water as smooth as it can only be in our Schuylkill above the dam, with just current enough to save it from being what the sculler dreads—dead water—the weather all that could be desired, and the boats used light and fast, with one exception.

There can be no doubt that the introduction of overhand sculling has had a beneficial effect both on style and pace. The "scratching" stroke formerly in vogue among the early scullers of the navy is gradually vanishing, and with Brown and Tyler's long sweeping stroke and Coulter's enormous reach before our eyes, we ought to try to do better, and if we are let alone, we will do better. We have splendid material, equal to the best imported, but the peculiar course of our navy, in offering comparatively valuable prizes for tub races, and almost neglecting to encourage sculling, has kept them in the background, chained to a life chart in a smooth gunwale canal barge, and forces them, if they have energy enough to pull, to risk their health and lives (*for they can't train*) in a useless endeavor to make decent time, all because shell boats are so unsteady! And then, shell boats aint built to toss oars in (for in doing so the boat would undoubtedly toss the tossers out), and gold banded coxswains, who can't tell the stretcher from the helm, don't look well in a sharp built Elliott shell, and worse than all have very little advice to offer about the "darned things." Your humble servant claims and believes that the late scull race will be very beneficial in its results. It certainly was the finest scull race ever held by amateurs on our river, and a few "friendly fouls" excepted, was far better than we might have expected. That it was not closer was probably the fault of the members of other clubs who have boats, but prefer to beat the late contestants with their tongues.

Yours truly, NAVIGATOR.

CHALLENGE FROM THE CITY OF RAGUSA.—On the 8th of September, as was duly chronicled in our columns, there arrived at Boston a little vessel called the City of Ragusa, of three tons burthen, from Liverpool, which city she left on June 2d. Her original destination was New York, but she was compelled to put in to Boston harbor for repairs, and there she has since remained. The necessary repairs having been made her captain contemplates shortly weighing anchor and coming to this port, and preliminary thereto he sends us the challenge which will be found below, daring any yacht or boat to contest with his vessel in a ten mile race for a purse of $100. The challenge thus defiantly offered finds an acceptor, as it certainly should, we shall probably have an unlooked for

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STARRED ADVERTISER, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of a name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Lucy (2)
Abbott, Mrs. C.
Archer, Fanny
Avery, Carrie
Aymard, Mrs.
Arnold, Millie
Barker, Eva
Bernard, Lena
Bernard, Fanny
Butler, Clara
Bentham, Pauline
Dunham, Kristie
Dalton, Carrie L. (2)
Edgerton, Florence (2)
Ellis, Mrs. Harry A.
Emerson, Miss F.
Fraker, Kate
Geraldine, Nellie
Hindle, Annie
Hunter, Kate
Hamilton, Kate, J.
Howes, Kate
Heathcote, Kate
Hergsell, Rilla
Henri, Nellie
Hallenn, Mad.
Kimball, Jennie
Kline, Nellie
Keenan, Mrs. Nelson
Lake, Agnes
Meisner, Pamela
Montgomery, Mrs.
Morton, Jo (2)
O'Neil, Nellie
Partington, Sallie
Partington, Kate
Quinlon, Kate
Reed, Florence
Rand, Olivia
Riddell, Lide
Rainford, Marianne
Rose, Mrs. Geo. W.
Rose, Victoria (2) de
Rastr, Mad.
Rosenlt, Cornelia
Simmons, Fanny
Stuart, Annie
Stanley, Blanche
Ben Miron, Artine
Thompson, Lydia
Tennison, Ida (2)
Weber, Lisa
Wood, Annie
Wegel, Millie
Yeamans, Annie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aymar, W. V.
Abbott, Chas.
Arlington, Chas.
Armstrong, C. F.
Burgess, Cool
Burns, Ned
Boudelin, J. H.
Brennans
Barker, Geo. A. (2)
Brown, Jno. H.
Bellinger, Jos. C.
Blanchard, Edwin
Blitz, Eugene
Backmaster, Ed.
Benedict, Lewis
Birch, Johnny
Bottch, Billy
Culler, Geo.
Costello, Fred
Olnston, Geo.
Cobb, Willis
Conway, F. B.
Conelle, L. J.
Drew, Frank (2)
De Verdie, Oberley
De Sells, Maurice
Deck (2)
De Witt, Tom
Dingee, R. E.
Evans, F. K. (2)
Elton, Harry
Emerson, Fred. (2)
Eggleston (2)
Emerson, Jimmy
Enoch Harry
Eberle, J. J.
Fennell's Minstrels
Etting, Reuben
Enos, Albert G.
Franklin
Franklin, Wm.
Fleury, Ferdando (2)
Fox, C.
Fennell, Ernest
Fisher, Pete
Fisher, Chas.
Fisher, Wm.
Mack, Joe H.
Montgomery, W. W.
Manager
Murray, Jno. H.
Miller, Harry
Moss, Wm.
Newhall, Frank
Neville, C.
Norton, C.
O'Keane, J. H.
Ogden, Chas.
Pierce, J.
Pierce, Johnny
Robinson, Harry
Roe, Geo.
Rubini, A.
Robinson, Jas.
Rivers, Harry
Ricardo
Roberts, A. D.
Rutherford, Allen
Reed, Chas. F.
Stanley, W. H.
Stowell, L. B.
Sharpley, Sam
St. Leon, Harry
Stuart, W. H.
Salisbury, Nelson
Stewart, Geo. W.
Swaatnam, W. F.
Shadman, Billy
Sullivan, Charley
Smith, Sidney
Saunders, John
Strakosch, Max
Titus, F. W.
Tannenbaum, J. (3)
Taylor, Jas.
Thayer, Dr. J. L.
Underwood, W.
Wildman, F. J.
Wist, F. L.
Washburn, Leon W. (3)
Wiggins, E. W.
Willis, Oscar
Williams, Gus
Walker, W. H.
Zwisler, Louis

Clipper Opinions Overture.

MONDAY, Oct. 17, '70.

places of Amusement in the City, Several Weeks to Come. What are the prospects?" Thus writes one of our "Constant Readers," and "Anxious Inquirers," and as he seems to be in earnest, we shall endeavor to answer his queries, and define "the situation," "as we go marching round, me boys, as we go marching round." To begin at the beginning, therefore, we may be pardoned for remarking that New York is too heavily loaded, as it were; she is staggering under too heavy a press of canvas, and some portion of the good old ship will get swamped if some sail is not taken in; she must reef here, put a bonnet in the jib there, and dovetail her sky scraper, and "to' gain't sails," and put men at the helm who understand how to navigate these perilous waters. These sailor phrases, you will understand, were learned by us in a single voyage to Coney Island, which is a more remarkable feat than Januaschek's alleged mastery of the English language in one year, which is startling if true, and susceptible of further confirmation. We tell you truly, gentle readers and beloved lambs, that all this talk of jammed houses is "bosh;" otherwise, to speak in the fashionable tongue of English of the day, it is *fudge in vino, false in omnibus*. We have an election campaign to go through, and elections always interfere with business of all kinds except pipe laying and ballot box stuffing—these are the only professions that are likely to make *much* money for some time. Mass meetings furnish us with high and low comedians, wire workers, circus performers, and ring entertainments of a very amusing character; and as these attractions are offered free to all, with a band of music and fireworks thrown in, it is plain to be seen that *other* sport shops must suffer. And so, having prepared the ground-work of our subject, let us go on with the show; neither setting down aught in malice nor otherwise, but giving a plain statement of facts regarding

THE THEATRES OF NEW YORK.

What They Are Doing—How They Are Doing—And a Look Ahead.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

Imprimis, then, let us glance at Wallack's, which has heretofore been looked upon as a model American theatre. The company here is large and talented, and the appointments generally first class; we do not, however, see "the full strength of the company" in any one piece, occasionally we have a capital cast, then again the dramatis personæ changes, and comparisons are odious. Since the commencement of the regular season business has been very good, and it is necessary that it should be so, for the expenses of carrying such a first class company are exceedingly heavy. "The Two Roses," recently imported, has been produced at this house, and though tolerably well acted and nicely placed in the Wallackian *conservatoire*, we do not believe that the "Two Roses" will take deep root.

And if our "Roses" from abroad should fail to make us merry,
The fault lies not with Wallack, but its author, one Albery.

Secondo, it is a fact beyond dispute that the Olympic has at last "struck oil." For the past several weeks its condition has been very precarious, the outgo being larger than the income, and when the "two per cents. on gross receipts" had been paid, there was very little left for the other expenses. But the Olympian game has changed, the cunning Fox has become *redivious*—if you understand the dead languages—and his new pantomime of "Wee Willie Winkie" promises to "make Hayes, while the sun shines," for the theatre is crowded every night, and standing room has been extremely scarce. The "Wee" novelty is made a big hit, and Hymons says wig wag once more, in the exuberance of his overwrought feelings, at the sight of so many pleasant looking greenbacks.

This pantomime of "We Willie Winkie"
Is a capital thing, we really thinkie.

Third:—Let us take a glance at Niblo's and the lovely Lotta. Since the abdication of the "Black Crook" dynasty the fortunes of this house have fluctuated, and the managers have not fared as sumptuously every day as their black muzzled predecessors. In fact, they have met with many reverses, but, like good generals, they know no such word as fail probably, but fill their ranks with new recruits, and push on just the same, apparently, as though they had grown round shouldered in carrying away their profits. Lotta, always a strong card when well played, is not "attracting" as successfully as "formerly" during her present engagement; the business has been fair, with a margin on the right side, but "great expectations" have not been realized. Lotta must get some new pieces, and learn to play the bassoon and ophicleide, and jump hurdles, so as to make a variety in her specialties. For Lotta is a charming girl, we'd have you all to know,
And her wit of the knife drives the cares of life to the rear like Jim Crow.

Fourth.—Right hands across, and go with us to see the San Francisco Minstrels. We don't know of a troupe in this wide, wide world that can excel this famed black band in its entirety. It is *sui generis* or *ne plus ultra*, whichever you please. Brothers Birch and Backus swing corners in a most lively manner, while Bernard goes down the middle with a fluency of language marvellously fine to hear; and David Wambold, he of the sweet and silvery voice, is king pin of all ye valiant band of ballad exponents. "When this yer troupe first sot down in this yer hall" money flowed into their coffers like the gurgling waters into the tin cans of the dispensers of cow juice; and the four pards, when they every week "sheered," in a manner speaking, hugged the sweet morsels to their hearts, and all but William Birch did salt down many kind remembrances with their friends. The band is just as good as ever it was, but business is not so prepossessing; neither is the divvy of such a ponderous shape as erstwhile made the pards joyous and happy. Still, they are doing well, and live on the best the hotels afford.

For the Frisco boys, yes, one and all,
Never want for "bread with one fish ball."

Sixth.—The Fifth Avenue Theatre, with Augustin Daly at its head, flourishes like a well watered "rose tree in full bearing." Before this gentleman assumed the reins the gods smole not upon its occupants. As a gold room, for which it was originally constructed, it flickered out with the uncivil war, and as a minstrel hall it failed to bring in money enough to pay for the burnt cork used. Neither did James Fisk, Junior, see anything in it. Last season Mr. Daly achieved an unqualified success in this beautiful little house, and "Frou-Frou" made him bless the day he came that way to be a managing man. "Man and Wife" is helping to keep the pot aboiling this season, but we do not believe it will obtain the same degree of success as attended the presence of the frivolous "Frou-Frou,"

For, be it ever so humble, in the course of one's life
There's occasionally a rumpus betwixt "Man and Wife."

Tyt.—Here we are at the *French* Theatre, which, in keeping with its name, is playing a German actress, and Boebach is her name. Grau brought her out, but our opinion is that he wouldn't mind selling out cheap for cash, for no matter what her merits may be, or how clever an actress she is in "her own wildwood home," it is certain that she does not take like wildfire here, and brother Grau must feel rather cheap when he surveys the scene so uncharming that has cost him so very dear. She is soon to abdicate in favor of an American actress, but as the legitimate is not in great favor at present, it is not certain that Mrs. Lander will land her managers a very large sum in silver and gold.

If German undefiled you'd hear—
See Boebach and then drop a tear.

Again we have another foreign celebrity in the person of Fanny Januschek, now performing in broken English at the Academy of Music. If, as it is said, Augustin Daly has engaged this lady for one year, for a tour of the country, it is clear that he "has put his foot in it," so to speak. Although bolstered up by the daily press, the experimental opening at the Academy has not been a success, and if success cannot be met with in this city, where so many broken English and German people reside, what can be expected when the "provinces" are taken in, in the tour? We have our own actresses who speak the English language without fault or blemish; therefore, is it not asking a little too much when we are requested to patronise a German actress who, we are told, has learned to speak English in one year? In her own tongue, the lady is a capital actress, but she *cannot* show to like advantage in another.

If Daly's spec should prove a failure,
How can Carew's be hid by Civic Tayleure.

Hoop la! Certainly. Behold Lent's Circus *vis-a-vis* with the catacombs. This establishment opened for the season on the 10th. Thus far the attendance has been quite large, but there's nothing new or fresh to be seen or heard here, and, unless novelties are presented as the season advances, the money-taker will have an easy thing of it.

See the riders hopping through balloons
Right in, as well as on two afternoons.

Wake up, old Rip, WAKE UP. The "home of tragedy" is converted into a "temple of mommus." At Booth's, where Joseph Jefferson is doing his one horse act, is, relatively speaking, the audience for some weeks have been very large, but with the strong competition "Rip Van Winkle" has to contend with, it is not surprising that a falling off is now perceptible. The business manager must put out another poster or two, if he can spare the price, or the public will begin to think that others besides old Rip have gone to sleep up there.

Booth's house on Twenty-third street must surely stand for *pax*, for Mace's "Capitol" opposite, will beat it in the race.

Of Mace's "Capitol," opposite, will beat it in the race.
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Of Mace's "Capitol," opposite, will beat it in the race. This is the house that Jack *Lee* so ground through the Globe. This is the house that Jack *Lee* so ground through the Globe. This is the house that Jack *Lee* so ground through the Globe

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ELKS!! ELKS!!
ELKS!! ELKS!!
ELKS!! ELKS!!
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Shippensburg	14	Pottstown	26
Chambersburg	15	Kutztown	27
Waynesboro	17	Allentown	28
Gettysburg	18	Easton	29
Hanover	19	Frenchtown, N. J.	31
York	20	Lambertville, Nov.	1
Columbia	21	Trenton	2
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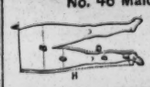

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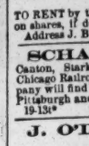

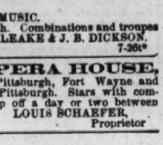

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